

velvet cap, sure signs of dignity : but the triangular purse at his girdle was lean, the gown rusty, the fur worn, sure signs of poverty. The young woman was dressed in plain russet cloth : yet snow-white lawn covered that part of her neck the gown left visible, and ended half way up her white throat in a little band of gold embroidery : and her head-dress was new to Gerard ; instead of hiding her hair in a pile of linen or lawn, she wore an open net-work of silver cord with silver spangles at the interstices : in this her glossy auburn hair was rolled in front into a solid wave, and supported behind in a luxurious and shapely mass. His quick eye took in all this, and the old man's deadly pallor, and the tears in the young woman's eyes. So when he had passed them a few yards, he reflected, and turned back, and came towards them bashfully.

"Father, I fear you are tired."

"Indeed, my son, I am," replied the old man ; "and faint for lack of food."

Gerard's address did not appear so agreeable to the girl as to the old man. She seemed ashamed, and with much reserve in her manner said, that it was her fault ; she had underrated the distance, and imprudently allowed her father to start too late in the day.

"No ! no !" said the old man ; "it is not the distance, it is the want of nourishment."

The girl put her arms round his neck, with tender concern, but took that opportunity of whispering, "Father, a stranger—a young man !"

But it was too late. Gerard, with great simplicity, and quite as a matter of course, fell to gathering sticks with great expedition. This done, he took down his wallet, out with the manchet of bread and the iron flask his careful mother had put up, and his everlasting tinder-box ; lighted a match, then a candle end, then the sticks ; and put his iron flask on it. Then down he went on his stomach and took a good blow : then looking up, he saw the girl's face had thawed, and she was looking down at him and his energy with a demure smile. He laughed back to her : "Mind the pot," said he, "and don't let it spill, for Heaven's sake : there's a cleft stick to hold it safe with ;" and with this he set off running towards a corn-field at some distance. Whilst he was gone, there came by, on a mule with rich purple housings, an old man redolent with wealth. The purse at his girdle was plethoric, the fur on his tippet was ermine, broad and new.

It was Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the Burgomaster of Tergou. He was old, and his face furrowed. He was a notorious miser, and looked one generally. But the idea of supping with the Duke raised him just now into manifest complacency. Yet at the sight of the faded old man and his bright daughter sitting by a fire of sticks, the smile died out of his face, and he wore a strange look of anguish and wrath. He reined in his mule. "Why, Peter, — Margaret—" said he almost fiercely, "what mummery is this !" Peter was going to answer, but Margaret interposed hastily, and said : "My father was exhausted, so I am warming something to give him strength before we go on." "What, reduced to feed by the roadside like the Bohemians," said Ghysbrecht, and

his hand went into his purse : but it did not seem at home there, it fumbled uncertainly, afraid too large a coin might stick to a finger and come out.

At this moment, who should come bounding up but Gerard. He had two straws in his hand, and he threw himself down by the fire, and relieved Margaret of the cooking part : then suddenly recognising the Burgomaster, he coloured all over. Ghysbrecht Van Swieten started and glared at him, and took his hand out of his purse. "Oh," said he bitterly, "I am not wanted : " and went slowly on, casting a long look of suspicion on Margaret, and hostility on Gerard, that was not very intelligible. However, there was something about it that Margaret could read enough to blush at, and almost toss her head. Gerard only stared with surprise. "By St. Bavon, I think the old miser grudges us three our quart of soup," said he. When the young man put that interpretation on Ghysbrecht's strange and meaning look, Margaret was greatly relieved, and smiled gaily on the speaker.

Meantime Ghysbrecht plodded on more wretched in his wealth than these in their poverty. And the curious thing is that the mule, the purple housings, and one half the coin in that plethoric purse, belonged not to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, but to that faded old man and that comely girl, who sat by a road-side fire to be fed by a stranger. They did not know this, but Ghysbrecht knew it, and carried in his heart a scorpion of his own begetting. That scorpion is remorse ; the remorse, that, not being penitence, is incurable, and ready for fresh misdeeds upon a fresh temptation.

Twenty years ago, when Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was a hard but honest man, the touchstone opportunity came to him, and he did an act of heartless roguery. It seemed a safe one. It had hitherto proved a safe one, though he had never felt safe. To-day he has seen youth, enterprise, and, above all, knowledge, seated by fair Margaret and her father on terms that look familiar and loving.

And the fiends are at his ear again.

(To be continued.)

THE TAIL OF A TADPOLE.

A BLADE of grass is a world of mystery, "would men observingly distil it out." When my erudite friend, Gerunds, glancing round my workroom, arrested his contemptuous eye on a vase abounding in tadpoles, and asked me with a sniffing superiority :

"Do you really mean to say you find any interest in those little beasts ?"

I energetically answered :

"As much as you find in Elzevirs."

"H'm !" grunted Gerunds.

"Very absurd, isn't it ? But we have all our hobbies. I can pass a bookstall on which I perceive that the ignorance of the bookseller permits him to exhibit an edition of Persius among the rubbish at 'one shilling each.' The sight gives me no thrill—it does not even slacken my rapid pace. But I can't so easily pass a pond in which I see a shoal of tadpoles swimming about, as ignorant of their own value, as the bookseller is of

Persius. I may walk on, but the sight has sent a slight electric shock through me. Why, sir, there is more to me in the *tail* of one of those tadpoles than in all the poems of that obscure and dreary Persius. But I won't thrash your Jew unless you thrash mine."

"Why, what on earth can you do with the tail?"

"Do with it? Study it, experiment on it, put it under the microscope, and day by day watch the growth of its various parts. At first it is little but a mass of cells. Then I observe some of these cells assuming a well-known shape, and forming rudimentary blood-vessels. I also observe some other cells changing into blood-cells. Then the trace of muscles becomes visible. These grow and grow, and the pigment-cells, which give their colour to the tail, assume fantastic shapes."

"Very interesting, I dare say."

"You don't seem to think so, by your tone. But look in this vase: here you see several tadpoles with the most apologetic of tails—mere stumps, in fact. I cut them off nine days ago."

"Will they grow again?"

"Perfectly; because, although the frog dispenses with a tail, and gradually loses it by a process of resorption as he reaches the frog form, the tadpole needs his tail to swim with; and Nature kindly supplies any accident that may deprive him of it."

"Yes, yes," added Gerunda, glad to feel himself once more in the region of things familiarly known: "just like the lobster, or the crab, you know. They tear off their legs and arms in the most reckless manner, yet always grow them again."

"And would you like to know what has become of these tails?"

"Arn't they dead?"

"Not at all. 'Alive and kicking.'"

"Alive after nine days? Oh! oh!"

"Here they are in this glass. It is exactly nine days since they were cut off, and I have been watching them daily under the microscope. I assure you that I have seen them *grow*, not *larger*, indeed, but *develope* more and more, muscle-fibres appearing where no trace of fibre existed, and a cicatrice forming at the cut end."

"Come, now, you are trying my gullibility!"

"I am perfectly serious. The discovery is none of mine. It was made this time last year by M. Vulpian in Paris, and I have only waited for the tadpole season to repeat the observations. He says that the tails constantly lived many days—as many as eighteen on one occasion; but I have never kept mine alive more than eleven. He says, moreover, that they not only grow, as I have said, but manifest sensibility, for they twist about with a rapid swimming movement when irritated. I have not seen this; but M. Vulpian is too experienced a physiologist to have been mistaken; and with regard to the growth of the tails, his observations are all the more trustworthy because he daily made drawings of the aspect presented by the tails, and could thus compare the progress made."

"Well, but I say, how the deuce *could* they live when separated from the body? our arms or legs don't live; the lobster's legs don't live."

"Quite true; but in these cases we have limbs of a complex organisation, which require a complex

apparatus for their maintenance; they must have blood, the blood must circulate, the blood must be oxygenated—"

"Stop, stop; I don't want to understand why our arms can't live apart from our bodies. They *don't*. The fact is enough for me. I want to know why the tail of a tadpole can live apart from the body."

"It *can*. Is not the fact enough for you in that case also? Well, I was going to tell you the reason. The tail will only live apart from the body so long as it retains its early immature form; that is to say, so long as it has not become highly organised. If you cut it off from a tadpole which is old enough to have lost its external gills a week or more, the tail will *not* live more than three or four days. And every tail will die as soon as it reaches the point in its development which requires the circulation of the blood as a necessary condition."

"But where does it get food?"

"That is more than I can say. I don't know that it wants food. The power of abstinence possessed by reptiles is amazing. I was reading the other day an account of a reptile which had been kept in the Boston Museum eight-and-twenty months without any food, except such as it might have found in the small quantity of dirty water in which it was kept."

"Really I begin to think there is more in these little beasts than I suspected. But you see it requires a deal of study to get at these things."

"Not more than to get at any of the other open secrets of Nature. But since you are interested, look at these tails as the tadpoles come bobbing against the side of the glass. Do you see how they are covered with little white spots?"

"No."

"Look closer. All over the tail there are tiny cotton-like spots. Take a lens if your unaccustomed eye isn't sharp enough. There, now you see them."

"Yes; I see a sort of *fluff* scattered about."

"That fluff is an immense colony of parasites. Let us place the tadpole under the microscope, and you will see each spot turn out to be a multitude of elegant and active animals, having bodies not unlike a crystal goblet supported on an extremely long and flexible stem, and having round their *rim* or mouth a range of long delicate hairs, the incessant motion of which gives a wheel-like aspect, and makes an eddy in the water which brings food to the animal."

"Upon my word this is really interesting! How active they are! How they shrink up, and then, unwinding their twisted stems, expand again! What's the name of this thing?"

"*Vorticella*. It may be found growing on water-fleas, plants, decayed wood, or these tadpoles. People who study the animalcules are very fond of this *Vorticella*."

"Well, I never could have believed such a patch of fluff could turn out a sight like this: I could watch it for an hour. But what are those small yellowish things sticking on the side of these parasites?"

"Those, my dear Gerunda, are also parasites."

"What, parasites living on parasites?"

"Why not? Nature is economical. Don't you live on beef and mutton and fish? don't these beefs,

muttons, and fish live on vegetables and animals? don't these vegetables and animals live on other organic matters? Eat and be eaten is one law: live and let live is another."

Gerunds remained thoughtful; then he screwed up one side of his face into frightful contortions, as with the eye of the other he resumed his observations of the Vorticella. I was called away by a visitor to whom I didn't care to show my tadpoles, because to have shown them would have been to forfeit his esteem for ever. He doesn't think very

highly of me as it is, but has a misty idea that I occupy myself with science; and as science is respectable and respected—our Prince Consort and endless bishops patronising the British Association for the Advancement of Science—the misty idea that after all I *may* not be an idiot, keeps his contempt in abeyance. But were he once to enter my work-room, and see its bottles, its instruments, its preparations, and, above all, the tadpoles, I should never taste his champagne and claret again.

G. H. LEWES.

THE ORIGINAL BUN HOUSE.



I HAVE seen pretty faces under various aspects: some peeping innocently from a wild luxuriance of honeysuckle and roses—others glancing with bright intelligence from opera boxes, made glorious by amber satin, and the radiance of chandeliers; and there is something harmonious in both styles of embellishment. When, however, my youthful fancy was just beginning to put forth its tender buds beneath the cold shade of College House, I had rather peculiar views of decorative art, my notion being, that the sphere for sylphs to shine in was one liberally adorned with puffs,—raspberry gaffs, cranberry tarts, and all that tends to sweeten existence embittered by Bonnycastle and Valpy. The serene felicity of my first love is thus strangely associated with the favourable impression which I received from my first jelly. I almost tremble now to think what sacrifices in cash and constitution I made at that refectory

which Amelia's glances filled with mimic sunshine. Warmed by those beams, my consumption of ices was at once rapid and futile. My bosom glowed, despite of all my polar luxuries; and if I suffered from heart-burn (as I often did after a banquet at Crump's), it was not entirely owing to dyspepsia, but derived its poignancy from a singular but powerful combination of Beauty and Buns.

Amelia was Crump's niece. Crump—sole proprietor of the Original Bun House at the corner of the Cathedral Close—was a little weazen, one-eyed, floury-faced man, who always wore a night-cap and a sack-apron. We of College House never saw much of him, for his proper place was below, near the oven, from which, like a fish, he came to the surface at intervals, with a block of gingerbread or a tray of pies. Mrs. Crump—Amelia's aunt—was the most stupendous and remarkable woman I ever saw out of a caravan. She commonly

sat in an arm-chair behind the counter, with a huge toasting-fork erect, like Britannia, and her rule was absolute. She had studied human nature long, and, it would seem, with profitable results, for she gave no credit to man or boy.

You could trace the mandate, "Pay on delivery," sharply etched in her acid countenance; and her voice, decidedly metallic in its upper notes, had none of that softness which marks the advocates of a paper currency. Between her and her niece there were differences of kind, as well as of degree. Amelia's little white palm instinctively shrank from copper coins, hot from our portable treasuries. Her mild blue eyes were full of trust; her rosy lips and bewildering auburn ringlets, all spoke of generosity and confidence; yet such was the respectful devotion with which her loveliness inspired College House, that no boy, however great his natural audacity, ever presumed even in a whisper to ask her to accept his promissory note for a pound of ratafias.

Crump had a workhouse apprentice — an awkward, lazy, ill-constructed lad, who in early life had been fished out of a pond, and had never quite recovered his then suspended animation. Being kept at work all night in a cavern swarming with black-beetles and such queer company, he had lost his hold upon the sympathy of his fellow-men or boys; while his vacant gaze, electrified hair, and ghoulish-like nails, had deprived him of any claim to compensation which the gentler sex might otherwise have allowed. Yet, despite of his isolated condition, College House looked on Crump's apprentice with envy. Was he not in hourly communication with Amelia? Might he not abuse the privilege of his position, and pluck from that dimpled chin what College House, by the most liberal expenditure of its petty cash, could never hope to enjoy—a surreptitious kiss? The thought used to haunt us in our midnight visions. One boy, named Barwell, whose father was governor of the county jail, went so far as to assert that he had never at his father's official residence seen any countenance so decidedly felonious as that of Crump's apprentice. No wonder, then, that College House had fears—strong fears—for the security of Crump's till.

To her credit be it spoken, Amelia treated her eager worshippers with strict impartiality. Recognising no superiority of age, learning, or opulence, she bestowed on every ardent lover of her uncle's buns an encouraging smile. On one occasion, however, it was reported that she wrapt up Larpent's change in whity-brown paper. Larpent was a West Indian, tall and slender, with remarkably pretty teeth, and a somewhat *distingué* air. He always dressed well, and the distinction shown him was, I honestly believe, entirely owing to his expensive lemon-kid gloves. Slight as was this token of favouritism, it created a feeling of uneasiness and insecurity at College House; and Boag and Pepper, who, in avowed imitation of Beaumont and Fletcher, had established a poetical partnership, of which Amelia's charms might be regarded as the "working capital," at once tore up their sonnets, and dissolved the firm. Blobbins, a boy of plethoric habit, small eyes and little ideality, and who was continually cooling the passions of

youth by sucking oranges, was heard to declare, that he always thought Amelia Pluckrose a coquette; and on being sharply interrogated as to what he meant by that offensive epithet, made answer, that a coquette was one who looked very sweet at you so long as you spent all your money upon buns,—a definition which, however correct, was not in good taste, and covered Blobbins with the obloquy due to vulgar detractors.

On Valentine's Day every pupil at College House, who had attained years of discretion, sent his *gage-d'amour* to "Miss A. Pluckrose, Original Bun House," and marked outside "Private," to deter Old Crump from breaking the seal. Some of these compositions—my own for example—had never appeared in print. Others were cribbed from Arliss's Magazine, and another anonymous miscellany. With that happy credulity which is youth's most precious inheritance, every boy at College House secretly believed that Amelia's eye was more frequently directed to him for the rest of the "half," than to any one else. It is true that Larpent, by virtue of his liberal outlay for cherry-brandy and preserved ginger at the Original Bun House, could always command an audience of the reigning beauty; but we could all see that Amelia's attention was mere politeness—nothing more.

Larpent, with his lemon-coloured gloves, might have made a sensible impression on some weak-minded girls. But College House had great confidence in his complexion, which was a decided chocolate. We felt assured that Amelia with her refined feelings would never be so silly as Desdemona was, or would cast herself away upon a Moor. Indeed I was inclined to pity Larpent for wasting so much precious eloquence and pocket-money at the Original Bun House, when his extraordinary behaviour towards the College in general, and myself in particular, proclaimed that he neither deserved compassion nor stood in need of it.

I was sitting at my desk on Valentine's Eve composing an acrostic, when some one pulled my ear in a jocular way, and, turning round very angrily, I found it was Larpent who had thus rudely obstructed a poet's progress.

"What will you take for it when it is finished?" he said, bending down to read what I had written.

"Nothing that you can give me," was my answer, in a tone of defiance.

"Amelia P.," he continued, glancing at the initials of each line, "this is for Miss Pluckrose."

"And suppose it is," said I, "you have no right to interfere."

"No right, eh?" he replied, showing his teeth.

"Certainly not. What right have you?"

He grasped my arm with his vice-like fingers till he almost made me shriek, as looking at me like a savage, he exclaimed:—

"The best right which any man can have. The right of conquest—booby!"

There was a pause, very long and very awkward. I could not speak from astonishment. He would not, because my perplexity gratified him.

At last he broke silence.

"I will not allow you or any other fellow, to send a parcel of trumpery love-verses to my Amelia."

"O, then all the trumpery love-verses she may receive must emanate from you?"

I hit him there, and he felt it.

"That's my ultimatum," he rejoined, and he began cutting his pencil ferociously.

"Larpent," said I, after two or three painful endeavours to articulate, "you are carrying the joke a little too far—you are, upon my honour."

"You think so, do you?" he returned, throwing away his pencil. "Well, to convince you that I am perfectly serious, you see this," and he drew from his breast-pocket a small blue-barrelled pistol inlaid with silver.

"If you don't give up your ridiculous pretensions quietly, my friend," was his remark, "you must take your chance of a bullet-hole, that's all. I don't want anything unreasonable, but if you insist on crossing my path in this little affair, down you go—pop!"

"Not if we fire at one another with—cross-bows," said I, maliciously, for only two days before we had a shooting-match at a blacking-bottle, and Larpent was beaten hollow. "However, I don't want to take an unfair advantage—choose your own weapon—I'm ready and willing."

The West Indian put his pistol back in his pocket, and took my hand.

"Bonser," he said, with affected kindness, "I have a respect for you and consideration for your mother, but really you mustn't stand in my light."

"Stand in your light!" I exclaimed, fiercely. "You are standing in mine. Who spoke to Amelia first? I've known her since I was a child—almost."

Larpent burst out laughing.

"Why, Bonser, what are you now?" Then, without waiting for my reply, he said:

"Give me this acrostic, promise not to write any more, and I'll present you with a dozen splendid cigars."

"Hang your cigars!" I cried. "Disgusting Cabanas!—they would make me sick."

"Very well, then you mean to fight?"

"I do."

"If you should prefer horse-pistols," said Larpent, pulling on his lemon-coloured gloves, "I have got a brace in my trunk up-stairs ready loaded."

A sudden rush of pupils into the school-room, singing in chorus "Rule Britannia," prevented my sanguinary rival from proceeding further with his warlike demonstrations. Intelligence had just arrived of the battle of Navarino; and Wapshaw, who loved his country, and used to expatiate in our rural walks upon England's naval supremacy, had, in a fit of enthusiasm, given permission to the boys to sing national airs, for half an hour before supper. I am sure he forgot that vocal exercises invigorate the appetite, or he would never have granted this musical licence.

All night long I lay awake with my eyes fixed on the black leathern trunk with brass nails beneath Larpent's bed. Notwithstanding my lofty tone when confronting my Creole enemy, I had not made up my mind to fight him, but I resolved to maintain a bold front. Accordingly, when Larpent came up to me next day in the cricket-ground, and coolly asked me if I was

ready to die for Amelia, I answered sullenly, "I am," and followed him at his command with long and rapid strides. We had nearly reached the coppice at the extremity of the ground, where Larpent proposed the duel should take place, when a tennis ball came ricocheting behind us, and struck me in my spine. On turning round I perceived a knot of boys gathered round McPhun, the old Scotch gardener of College House, and who hailed us to come back with gesticulations of such earnestness as indicated that something alarming had happened.

I was very glad to obey this peremptory summons, and on my way met Blobbins, with tears streaming from his little eyes.

"Have you heard about poor old Crump?" he said, wiping his cheeks with a tattered pocket-handkerchief.

"No," said I. "Has he been knocked down again by a painter's ladder?"

"Worse," replied Blobbins, sucking an orange to calm his emotion: "he has fell beneath a load of bricks."

"What, crushed!" I exclaimed.

"Reg'larly," said Blobbins, weeping afresh, and adding, with inconceivable tenderness, "We shall never, Bonser, taste such buns again."

I turned away from this heartless voluptuary with feelings of mingled pity and disdain, and joined the noisy crowd which encircled McPhun, the old Scotch gardener, and eagerly questioned him about poor Crump's catastrophe. From his narrative it seemed that Crump, having scraped together a little money in the Original Bun House, had unwisely invested it in land for building purposes, and, like many other sanguine speculators, had overbuilt himself. This Blobbins figuratively described as being crushed beneath a load of bricks. To accelerate his downfall he had become surety for a particular friend of the family, whose health was so infirm that he could not leave Boulogne when his promissory note became due. The consequence was, that execution had been issued against Crump, who was seized by the sheriff, while another hostile force, with that officer's authority, marched into the Original Bun House, and garrisoned it by command of Crump's principal creditor, a hot-headed brick-maker.

This was sad news indeed.

"And what's become of poor little Mely, Mac?" demanded College House, with its forty-five voices harmoniously rolled into one.

"I hear," replied McPhun, "that she has taken a situation as barmaid at the 'Marquis o' Granby.'"

College House fell back as if its forty-five pillars had been shaken by an earthquake. Amelia, so graceful, innocent, and fair, to let herself down behind the bar of an ordinary commercial inn! Such degradation was enough to cause a sympathetic sinking in every manly breast.

Blobbins whispered to me in my extremity what he deemed words of consolation:

"Couldn't we go to the 'Marquis' together, Bonser, and have a pint of early purl?"

I looked at him distrustfully, and felt confident by his retreating manner that he was profoundly ignorant of the nature of that matutinal beverage. He confessed afterwards that he fancied

THE ASTRONOMER'S DISCOVERY.



ON the most exposed point of the little island of Veen, which stands in the strait between Elsinore and Copenhagen, there were still visible, some few years since, the traces of an ancient and extensive building, where the ruins of time-eaten and fire-stained walls, rising over the rugged and volcanic surface, guided the eye along the ground-plan of the edifice. It might have been observed that this structure, of which the relics even still retain the name Uranienborg, was flanked on the north by a tower; to the east and west it presented two fronts, looking respectively toward the isle of Zeeland and the coast of Sweden; and on the south had stood a large square building, named Stelleborg—that is, the “Castle of the Stars,”—under which lay a vaulted cavern, the only portion still remaining uninjured. All around were vestiges of garden cultivation, long since discontinued; and the silence of the desert that stretched away until it mingled in hazy perspective with the waters of the Baltic was broken only by the wild scream of the sea-birds. Still, these ruins awakened an interest of their own: for, although they were not the scene of any memorable event in history, or the grave of departed magnificence, the glory of intellect and science has bequeathed to them its more enduring associations.

On the 11th of November, 1572, the lord of

this domain, which is about two leagues in circumference, was seated in the garden of Uranienborg. The day had been clearer and milder than might naturally have been expected at that season and in such a climate, and the sun was just sinking behind the trees, whose lengthening shadows were sharply defined on the ground by the last beams of daylight. The person whom we introduce might have been still called young; but in his countenance there was a seriousness and dignity beyond his years, which would have repelled familiarity, had not the expression been softened by that air of simplicity which always accompanies genius. He was engaged in tracing on the sand before his feet circles within circles, of different sizes, and intersecting each other perplexingly; and from these he sometimes turned his eyes upward to the heavens, as though they opened to his view a mystic volume which he endeavoured to transcribe. At his left hand was sleeping a beautiful greyhound, wearied with gambolling around its master without attracting his attention; while, crouching timidly at the other side, sat a young and beautiful girl, who alternately gazed, with a rapt and child-like curiosity, at the geometric figures, and looked up at the face of her abstracted companion as if endeavouring to read in those moveless features the solution of the enigma. She understood, however,

vine at the cottage window bid good morrow. The Colne still flows through willow banks. Still, but somewhat rarely now,

Young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.

Such a holiday was anticipated by the side of the Colne, on Queen Victoria's coronation day of 1859. There was a holiday, but no sunshine. On that day the new Public Rooms of Colnbrook were to be first opened—of Colnbrook no longer hated by outside passengers on fast coaches for its rough pavement, but now a quiet village street. The rain poured down. The jocund rebecks were mute. There was no dancing in the chequered shade. But there were speeches in the new building from men of rank and zealous clergymen, who came there to aid the desire of the tradesmen and farmers and mechanics of this district to have a place of intellectual resort—a news-room, a lecture-room, a concert-room, a library. That library has no broad foundation of ancient learning like its neighbour of Langley. A hundred or two of cheap volumes well-thumbed, sent about from subscriber to subscriber—no magnificent folios, never to be taken out of the room provided for them. But the inerudite readers of this humbler institution have fountains of knowledge which were not unlocked even for the young scholar of Horton, who wrote to Diodati, in 1637, "Where I am now, as you know, I live obscurely, and in a cramped manner." Great questions were stirring the heart of England. The indications of vast social changes were agitating all thoughtful men. "I want," he said, "a more suitable habitation among some companions." He pined for the talk of London—for its news. He wanted to learn there something more than mathematics or music—something that belonged to that exciting time of conflicting opinions. Hampden had refused to pay ship-money, and the great case was to be solemnly argued before the judges. The Star-Chamber had cut off Prynne's ears. Scotland had declared against episcopacy. What a time for a young man, burning with enthusiasm about the rights which a high-spirited nation claimed as its inheritance—what a time for him to learn nothing of the outer world, but from the meagre "Weeklie Newes" of Nathaniel Butter, which every now and then the Licensor suppressed! The subscribers to the Public Rooms of Colnbrook can watch every pulsation of the great heart of English life, day by day, almost hour by hour. The wondrous agency of the newspaper has made us a nation "apt to learn;" and when the newspaper satisfies the daily curiosity, emulation is roused even in the imperfectly educated, to search in books for knowledge of which the newspaper opens the long vista in the hitherto dense woods. But upon such old foundations as that of Sir John Kederminster's library, has whatever is noble and enduring in letters been raised. Let us never forget when we look upon ancient learning thus entombed—with whatever departments of human knowledge such volumes deal—that "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are: nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the

purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."* CHARLES KNIGHT.

CANDLE MAKING.

It must be a very young man who does not remember that most noisome invention—the mould candle, accompanied by its still more noisome companion—a pair of snuffers; and yet how should we stare, if on the table of the most modest household they should again appear. Indeed, they seem as much a thing of another age as the flaring flambeau and its rude extinguisher, which may yet be seen suspended from the scrolled iron-work about the doors of old family mansions. This light of other days sprang directly out of the domestic grease-pot: its manufacture was a rude, not to say disgusting handicraft, and if anyone had been bold enough to say that one day a new light would arise, that would materially affect the destinies of a whole people, Bedlam would have been thought his proper destination. Yet this seeming dream of delirium has come to pass; and the production by negro free labour of palm oil, now so largely used in the manufacture of soap and candles, has greatly assisted in giving a check to the slave trade.

Noticing the other day the extraordinary piles of casks incumbering the wharf of Messrs. Price and Co.'s Patent Candle Company at Battersea, we could not help looking upon them as so many dumb missionaries ever circulating between England and the Gold Coast of Africa, spreading civilisation and religion over the latter hitherto benighted region. And the introduction of a new commodity for the supply of a common want, has again re-acted favourably on the labour of the particular trade to which it refers. Instead of the chandler's shop, where the simple process of melting refuse animal fat alone engaged the intelligence of the workmen, we saw in this establishment a vast laboratory, and in place of mere mechanics directing the works, a practised chemist availing himself of the last word of science and the best products of mechanical skill. Instead of the grease-pot or the beeswax cake comprising the whole repertory of the trade, the museum of the establishment sets before our eyes the products of a hundred climes, which may be ranked among the raw materials of the manufacture.

The animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds are laid under contribution for the same end. The Shea Butter—butter of Abyssinia—a vegetable product first mentioned by Bruce; petroleum of Ava, a mineral; the beautiful insect wax of China; the cotton pod, which yields the last new light of America; the hundred-and-one nuts of tropical climes; and even the fat of the tiger, may here be seen, proving that the efficient production of even so insignificant a thing as a candle necessitates a knowledge of a large range of sciences, and includes within its grasp not only the contents of the grease-pot, but the analogous products of the whole world. The process of manufacturing candles, as carried on at the works of Price's Patent Candle Company, which we propose briefly to describe, is one of the most

* *Areopagitica*.

interesting sights in London. The two establishments are known as Belmont, at Vauxhall, and Sherwood, at Battersea, and the huge corrugated iron roofs of each are doubtless well known to the reader who is in the habit of passing frequently up the river. The manufactory at Sherwood is by far the largest; indeed, at Belmont little more than the production of night-lights and the packing of the manufactured goods is proceeded with. At Sherwood the works cover twelve acres of ground, six of which are under cover; and to this establishment we wish to carry our reader. The raw materials principally used in this manufactory are palm oil, cocoa-nut oil, and petroleum; the first, however, is used in by far the largest quantities, and to its preparation for the manufacture of candles we shall first draw attention. Palm oil, as imported, is of a deep orange colour, of the consistency of butter at midsummer; hence it will not flow out of the cask like the more fluent oils; and to assist this costive tendency—the first care of the manufacturer—the following plan is pursued: the casks of oil, as they arrive from the docks, are transferred to a large shed, the floor of which is traversed from end to end with an opening about a foot wide, which is in communication with an underground tank. Over this opening the bung-hole of each successive cask is brought, and the persuasive action of a jet of steam thrown into the mass speedily liquefies and transfers it to the underground tank. Herefrom the oil is pumped by steam power to what may be called the high service of the establishment, gravitation being sufficient to make it carry itself to the distilling-rooms. Palm oil and all animal oils are made up of three elements—a very hard body, called stearic acid, a liquid termed oleic acid, and a white syrupy body, which acts as a base to the other two. Now these three companions agree admirably in nature, but the moment art attempts to convert them to her own purposes in the formation of candles, a little difficulty arises—the glycerine turns out to be the slow man of the party; like many good men and true, its illuminating power is found to be greatly deficient to that of the company it is in, and hence its ejection is voted by the scientific candle maker. Not long since this was performed by the process termed lime saponification. By this method cream of lime was intimately mixed with the fatty matter to be acted upon, and the principle of chemical affinities coming into play, the different ingredients, like the dancers in a certain coquettish waltz, forsook each other for new comers: thus the stearic and the oleic acids waltzed off with the lime, leaving the glycerine by itself, dissolved in tears—the resultant water. No sooner, however, was this arrangement completed, than it was broken up by the introduction of strong sulphuric acid, which in its turn waltzed away with the lime, leaving the fat acids free. This was an expensive process, however, inasmuch as, independently of the cost of the lime and sulphuric acid, the stearic acid obtained was comparatively small in quantity, and the whole of the glycerine was wasted. The next step in the process is known as the sulphuric acid saponi-

fication, the fat acids being exposed to sulphuric acid at a temperature of 350° Fahr. By this process the glycerine is decomposed, the fats are changed into a dark, hard, pitchy mass, the result of the charring of the glycerine and colouring matters—its final purification being effected in a still, from which the air is excluded by the pressure of super-heated steam. In 1854, this process was brought to its present perfect state by passing this super-heated steam directly into the neutral fat, by which means it was resolved into glycerine and fat acids, the glycerine distilling over in company but no longer combined with them. This was an immense step gained, inasmuch as the glycerine thus for the first time obtained pure, and in large quantities, was raised from being a mere refuse product which the candle-maker made every effort to destroy, into a most important body of great use in medicine and the arts; indeed, like gutta-percha, or vulcanised India-rubber, it is no doubt destined to play a great part in the affairs of the world, and is far more valuable than its companion bodies the stearic and oleic acids. In the chemical laboratory little episodes of this kind are continually occurring,—the rejected, despised, and unknown refuse, being often led forth at last as the Cinderella of science. We may here mention that it is the presence of this very glycerine in the old mould candle, and in the still existing “dip,” which produces the insufferable smell of the candle-snuff. A candle when blown out, exposes the smouldering wick to the action of the atmosphere, and the glycerine distils away in the smoke. Yet here we see as much as six tons distilling at one time in one room without the slightest smell, in consequence of the process taking place in a vacuum. Imagine, good reader, what would be your sensations sniffing at six tons of the concentrated essence of candle-snuff!

The two acids, the hard stearic and the fluent oleic, have still to be separated, as it is only the former which is, from its high melting point, calculated to form the true candle material. The cooled fats, forming a thick lard-like substance, having been cut in appropriate slices by means of a revolving cutter, are then by an ingenious labour-saving apparatus spread upon the surfaces of cocoa-nut mats, which are taken away in trucks to the press-room. As these pass in huge piles before you, the imagination may picture a tea-party of Brobdingnagians, and these are the countless rounds of brown bread and butter provided for the occasion. In the press-room these piles are subjected to hydraulic pressure, which slowly squeezes out the oleic acid, leaving the stearic acid behind, in the form of thin, hard, white cakes. These are remelted in a huge apartment filled with deep wooden vats, appropriate cups for the monstrous bread and butter before mentioned. The arrangement by which the melting process is carried on is novel in the extreme. Into each vat a long coil of pipe depends, which admits into the fatty mass a hissing tongue of steam, which quickly liquefies it. The use of metal boilers is precluded by the fact that, on account of the acid oil to be acted upon, silver, as in the manufacture of pickles, would be the cheapest that could be employed.

was a peaceful-looking spot on the face of God's creation there it lay : it was studded all over with tiny tombstones and little wooden crosses ; so curiously formed, so quaintly fashioned, so cunningly worked, and so carefully preserved—flowers of rare and splendid hue loaded the air with the sweet scents of spring ; garlands woven with jealous care hung suspended here and there, whilst gently raised little ridges encased in their moss-clad bosoms all that on earth remained of those whose gentle spirits knew no guile ; whose souls knew no sin ; who had bloomed and passed away from earth to heaven ; whose little voices were hushed by whispering angels ; whose sojourn knew not of sorrow or of suffering ! Such a holy quiet reigned around, that involuntarily I removed my cap, and as I cast a furtive look at Darby I perceived that poor fellow, rough as he was in exterior, he had a Christian heart, for a tear moistened his cheek as he offered up an Irish peasant's heartfelt prayer for the souls of the dead. To add appropriate interest to the sweet solemnity of the picture, kneeling amongst the tiny tombstones, clad in the picturesque garb of the country, sky-blue coats, and the females with the distinguishing scarlet cloak, were many a poor fond father and mother, who had toiled wearily and from afar to deck with flowers and smooth the mossy canopy that covered all that was dear to them, and to commune in spirit with their lost first-born.

We stood before the "Graves of the Innocents."

As we turned reluctantly to pursue our journey, I inquired from Darby, was there any legend or story connected with this sweet and peaceful resting place ? Regarding me with an indescribable look—half serious, half comic—he burst forth :—

"Why, thin, musha, yer honor it's joking me ye are now. Don't you know there's not a mountain, valley, or river, nor a rath, nor a boreen, lake, watherfall, or landmark of our bewtiful green island that hasn't its own wild story ? Haven't we White Ladies and Black Ladies, and Phookas, Banshees, and Chirichauns, and Leprichauns as plenty as thorns in a whin bush. Story, indeed—ay, an a bitther one."

"Well, then, Darby," said I, producing a fresh stock of the real "Maryland," which made his eyes sparkle again, "We'll load again, and then you can fire away with the story."

"Long life to yer honor !" ejaculated Darby, as he sent forth a puff like the explosion from a thirteen-inch mortar, and giving the old horse a thwack that resounded along the mountain like the blow of a flail, he settled himself down for a comfortable yarn.

"There's an ould manor in these parts, called the Manor of Friernè, belonging to the raale ould stock, they owned half the counthry at one time, but the ould Friernès were gallows ould chaps for wine and women, and horses, dogs, and hawks, racin and shootin, and spendin ther money in foreign parts. Och ! musha ! 'twas a great ould place in times gone by, and the ould castle stands there still, yer honor, an would do yer heart good to look at it ; every stone is as perfect as the day it was built—divil a fut less than thirteen feet of solid stone-work is in every

wall of it—and you might manewver a ridge-ment in the ould coort-yard. The last of the Friernès that was in the counthry—oh ! he was a wild chap—shocking, and had always a wild clan about him ; but there was one despirate scoundhrel that used to set him on for all sorts of badness. No good could come of him, and so the neighbours and tinints said ; but this black-hearted rascal drew him on from bad to worse until he had to lave the counthry, and thin this chap was made agint over the property. Och ! wirra-wirra ! bud it was a bad day for the tinints of Friernè ;—for they never knew bad thratement until then.

"Ye see that brake up in the mountains, there, yer honor ?"

"I do, Darby !"

"That's called Tubbermore !" continued he. "And up there lived a sthrong young farmer, a tinint of the Friernès, by the name of Con Flaherty. Con had the best farm on the estate, for he was own fosterer to young Friernè, and used to be always at his elbow, until this black-livered hound of an agint put him against him. Con had just been married to the purtiest Colleen Dhas in all Kerry ; and many an achin heart there was amongst the boys the day she became Mrs. Flaherty.

"Now the agint, Misthur Dan O'Mara he was called, a Dublin attorney—bad look to the likes of thim—had as liquorish a tooth, and was as bad a boy as ever walked the hall uv the foor coorts ; and many a poor father and mother's curse was upon his head, for many was the poor misfortunate girleen he left without name or charachter, deluded and desaiwed ; and sure, yer honor," appealed Darby, "a man that id lade an innocent girleen on to ruin and desthruccion, and a nameless grave among sthrangers, to satisfy a few hours of his own bad passions, is no man at all,—he's a brute-baste ! Well, this was the sort of chap that had the whole of the manor of Friernè undther him. But the moment he clapped his eyes on Noreen of Tubbermore, he was fairly illuminated about her. Now, Captain, jewel, if there's one woman in the world that's more virtuous than another, ids an Irishwoman ; uv coorse I know there's an odd one now and agin, but in the main they bate creation. So my dear, Noreen up an she tould Misthur O'Mara that if he kem to her house agin on the same errand she'd make her husband lave marks upon him that he'd carry to his grave. Well, they lived on, and there wasn't a happier, or purtier, or betther hearted couple in the counthry round ; the poor never left their doore empty-handed, and the sthranger was always welkim. A year rowlled on, and ther first child was born—oh, such a bewtiful little crayture—'twould jump and clap its dawshy hands, and crow at everybody, showin it had the big, ginerous heart of father and mother ; 'twas a little flaxen haired girleen, too, and 'twas like a wee spring-flower that bloomed before its time. All this time Misthur O'Mara was working his evil plans ;—an he par-sacuted the life and sowl out of poor Con Flaherty, and things began to go wrong. At last Con forgot himself, and he sthruck the agint one day at the fair of Cahirciveen ; it was all the black thief

a high order, still the State should ever have in reserve a stock of improvements to meet emergencies; not making them common till required by the presence of adverse circumstances. The State should "keep a hold of the actual, knit the new securely to it, and give to them both conjointly a fresh direction." The astonishment created by the results of the Armstrong gun is simply a proof how much the progressive actual is overlooked by the many, while the special individual by time and thought turns it to account; and then it is assumed that we can go no further, not heeding the words of the philosopher poet—

Men my brothers! Men the workers! ever making something new;
That which they have done but earnest, of the things that they shall do."

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

RUNNING THE HOOD.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many disquisitions on our popular pastimes, I believe it remains to your humble servant to chronicle to the world the doughty game of Running the Hood at Haxey. And it is that I may depict this, that I venture to invite you to accompany me for a day's sport to Haxey, in the isle of Axholme, Lincolnshire.

It was a fine sunny morning that I landed from the boat, somewhat benumbed, at Ferry-on-Trent, on the 6th of January in the present 1859. After refreshing the inward man at mine host's of the White Hart, I started on my way to walk to Haxey, for this part of the country is, as yet, unsophisticated by that great innovator, the rail. Proceeding through Ferry, you enter the parish of Owston, both so closely together that the one may be said to merge into the other; and now, after passing the church, you are fairly out into the open country. What a contrast do the quiet fields and green lanes present to the noise and rattle of a thickly peopled town.

During the earlier part of the morning the air had been thick and misty, and intensely cold: but now the sun broke out in his splendour. The air, before sharp and biting, was now mellowed to a more genial temperature, sending the warm blood tingling through one's veins. The birds twittered on the leafless branches, and in the distance, borne on the wind, came the song of the ploughboy as he followed his team. Here and there are substantial farmsteads of the real old English style, whose thickly-thatched roofs, well covered with patches of moss, bespeak their green old age. The cattle in the fold-yard gaze dreamily on you, while comely matrons and sturdy children open their doors to see and look after you as you pass along. This is a trait peculiar to the country, and has this advantage, that whereas it is the prerogative of the great to be the "cynosure of every eye" in populous cities, here the humblest, if he be a stranger, may indeed be

The observed of all observers.

Leaving these behind, you see, at a turn of the lane, the fine old church of Haxey, high-seated on the hill, looking, as it were, like a patriarch of old watching the flock entrusted to his care. Anon you meet a carter and his horse, dragging their

"slow length along." Horse and driver seem perfectly to understand each other, and it might be a point for sophists to discuss, which were the more intelligent of the two. They are both seemingly engaged in the exhilarating occupation of doing as little distance in as long a time as possible.

You now enter the picturesque and well-populated village of Haxey, nearly every house newly white-washed, looking so clean and trim—suggestive of the idea that they must have been under the hands of the laundress, to be well starched and bleached, so neat do they appear in their snowy purity. Buxom, laughing-eyed damsels trip lightly along in their Sunday best, for it is holiday to-day, and all work is suspended for at least another. And now, having received a hearty welcome from the friends who were expecting me, and partaken freely of the huge sirloin and savoury ham, for the brisk walk had somewhat sharpened one's appetite, let me take a turn to see what may be seen.

A few steps soon take us again to the fields; and here let me mention an interesting feature peculiar to this locality. Before you, lay immense tracts of lands, parcelled out into lots of one acre, more or less. All fields are divided into what are technically termed "lands," with a deep furrow between each, for drainage. And it is one of these strips of land which constitute a lot, so that a ten-acred field may be the property of nearly as many owners. The advantages to the middle and poorer classes are clearly apparent: for while the former may safely invest a spare fifty or hundred pounds, and the latter be induced to save a like sum, neither would attempt the purchase of broad-acred fields, and those who, poorer still, cannot afford to purchase, may hire, at an easy rental, a strip or two to fill their unemployed time; by these means a man may grow his own corn, all his garden stuff, and have some to spare for market at a very trifling cost, and have a good pig in sty at Christmas to boot. And it may be attributed to this, that this district is so important among the electors of Lindsey.

It is to be deplored that this system is not more widely extended in our agricultural districts. Let your broad-acred philanthropists, and those who prate in after-dinner speeches on the condition of the working classes, take this lesson to their hearts; here is a system, easy and practicable, and which is, like mercy, twice blest, enriching him that receives and him that gives. And but to see, as I have, those various strips of land in summer time, clothed in all the rich luxuriance of their varied crops, is a sight not easily to be forgotten from their beauty and their novelty; the many shades of green, from dark to light, from light to yellow, interspersed with stripes of ripening corn, and at intervals a line of the black-eyed bean-flower or sweet scented pea, with here and there a strip of land laid fallow, forming, as it were, a groundwork and relief to the whole.

And now let us ascend the brow of the hill. What a fine panoramic view extends before us! There, in the horizon, nods an old church on the hill, standing out clearly against the sky; before us, in the distance, are the spires of Doncaster; to

she married the man, whose peremptory orders were in reality the cause of her being famous. History tells us no more of her. Did education refine her? Did she ever think of Caroline Bürger, in the latter's obscurity, or aid the comrade who shared her peril, but not her good fortune? It is believed not. She whom we have called Caroline lived and died, obscure and humble, perhaps not less happy; even her real name was not known by the old inhabitant of the Schloss Lüneberg, from whose lips this little narrative was gathered years ago, and who could boast of having both seen and spoken to, the famous heroine of Lüneberg, Johanna Stegen, by no means the first, nor in all likelihood the last, to whom fortune has called in a fit of caprice, and loaded with unmerited favours.

H. J.

RACING BY STEAM.

Of all English sports, racing is the most thoroughly popular, and of all our national pleasures there is none so widely and so heartily loved as this. The English passion for horses united to this delight in racing, has produced, and keeps alive a system of national amusement, girt about with a machinery almost sufficiently extensive and complicated to govern a country. But if the English people love horse-racing, there is no small number of them whose sympathies are strong for other developments of the same species of sport. Every British yachtsman glories in our regattas, every oarsman loves the madness of a boat-race, every runner pants for foot-races, while our small boys find intense delight in trials of speed between rival donkeys. As a people, we assuredly do love all manner of racing. Hunting is popular, cricket a favourite sport, shooting has its enthusiastic votaries, fishing its fond disciples, fighting even its lovers, and the mystic game of "nurr and spell" its obscure devotees; but racing embraces all of these, covers every variety of sportsman under its broad mantle, and forces each to acknowledge its superior attractiveness.

Now these thoughts came to me on this wise: In the month of December 1857, I went, in common with many another man from the country, to the Annual Smithfield Cattle Show. I admired the short-horns, wondered at the obese pigs, was charmed with the muttons, and pleased with all I saw. I walked through the stands for the exhibition of machinery, and mused and marvelled at the ingenuity there represented. I presently dived down stairs to the small steam engines below, and found myself ultimately almost bewildered by the variety, extent, and novelty of the means by which modern science has added to the resources of the farmer, when I suddenly stood face to face with my old friend and quondam schoolfellow, Plummer Block. I had not seen Plummer for fifteen years; when last we met he, then a lad with much love of tools and all manner of machinery, was about being apprenticed to a millwright, established near his father's farm, who made for the farmer such ploughs, harrows, drills, and grinding-mills as were in fashion at that time; since then we

had not met, and I had only heard of him as senior partner in a comparatively new and flourishing firm, known as Messrs. Block and Bolt, Agricultural Engineers and Machinists.

Greetings and friendly inquiries over, I spoke presently of my wonder and admiration of the appliances by which we were surrounded.

"Yes," said Plummer, "there have been very great improvements lately; and in no branch of our business is this more noticeable than in the construction of these engines about us."

I looked interested, and he continued:—

"Ten years ago, the term 'Agricultural Steam Engine' had scarcely a recognised existence; now there are some thousands of these busy bees humming away in this country alone."

I asked what he considered the chief agents in working such a revolution.

"Increase of improvement and adaptability to their work in the machines," he replied. "The first engines of this description were expensive, ill-made pieces of machinery, costly in working, and difficult to move from place to place, from their great weight; now they are models of lightness, good workmanship, and economy. Our annual show has done wonders in bringing about this change, and the system of competitive trials of the relative merits of engines by the different makers has produced very marked results. This engine," he continued, nodding towards that near which we stood, "is our last year's racer,—a first-class engine in every respect."

"Last year's racer!" I exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

"Ah," he replied, "'racer' has grown to be quite a recognised term in the trade now. We call those engines 'racers' which we exhibit and enter for the Royal Agricultural Society's prizes; and I can assure you," he added, "that the run against your rivals, as well as the preparatory 'training' and 'trial gallops,' are by no means unexciting amusements."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you really train engines—steam engines—for these yearly 'races' as you call them?"

"Most seriously I do," said Plummer; "but you seem interested as well as surprised: make up your mind, then, to run down into Blankshire for a week next June, and we will give you a peep into the mysteries of an agricultural engineer's mechanical 'stud,' and show you the paces of some of our forthcoming crack entries for the Carlisle meeting of 1858."

The result of this conversation was, that I visited Messrs. Block and Bolt's manufactory, and, believing the general reader to be as unacquainted as I previously was with the mechanical mysteries of engine racing, I now propose to tell him something of what I saw, and show him that the races of steam engines, as well as of horses, boats, or donkeys, may have their elements of pleasure and excitement.

I presume that everybody now-a-days knows what is meant by an agricultural or portable steam engine: let no one innocently imagine that I am about to speak of two engines of locomotive habits being pitted against each other for a trial of speed. No. The agricultural steam engine is nothing

more than a small portable motive power set on wheels, incapable of independent locomotion, ignobly drawn by horses from place to place, and which is intended to do for the large farmer all such operations as thrashing, grinding, chaff-cutting, and winnowing, at a cheaper and speedier rate than they can be done by hand or horse-labour.

From this outline of the destiny of a portable steam engine, it will at once be evident that three main conditions are necessary to their adoption and success—namely, lightness, good workmanship, and economy of fuel in working. There are, of course, other minor desirables; but it is to these three, and specially to the last two, that the Agricultural Society of England awards its prizes and commendations. That all engines competing for a prize may stand as nearly as possible on a broad basis of equality, the Society publishes, yearly, a list of their requirements in certain of the more important constructional details, such for example as the minimum thickness of boiler-plates and diameter of heating-tubes, together with such other conditions as they consider should be ensured to every purchaser of an engine. Every exhibitor is thus prevented from gaining any unfair advantage over others, as certain rejection follows the infringement of the Society's stipulations.

Having said thus much by way of necessary preface, let me describe, as nearly as I can, what I saw at my friend's factory.

In a large and convenient building to which I was introduced, there stood some new and beautiful steam-engines; these having been completed a few days previously in the shops, had been removed to this "Experimental Shed," as it was called, where they now awaited the trial of their capabilities. As the method of trial in each case was precisely similar, I shall speak only of the experiments made upon one of them, which may stand as the type of all the others. The boiler was first filled with water from pipes conveniently laid in the building for this purpose; the engine was then carefully oiled and cleaned down. A pair of scales stand by the wall of the shed; in these are weighed out first 20 lbs. of wood and then one cwt. of Welsh coal. The stoker (a young man in overalls and jaunty cap, with wonderfully white hands for his calling) takes his wood and coal, and having first broken up the latter into pieces about the size of a walnut, handling each atom the while as if it were a thing of priceless value, proceeds to light his fire and get up the steam. Of the skill which he displays in this, as well as in firing, throughout the experiment, more hereafter. Meanwhile, an apparatus called a "friction-break," is adjusted to the fly-wheel of the engine.

As it will be needful to offer some explanation of the nature and uses of this friction-break, let us take the opportunity of the delay caused by raising steam; to say a few words on the matter, which will involve some slight interpretation of the whole philosophy of a "trial."

The first desideratum in an engine being economy of fuel, it becomes necessary in the comparison of the performances of two competing

engines to determine which of the two has done the greater amount of work with a given quantity of fuel, and this is ascertained thus:

The capability or strength of an engine is generally stated in horses' power. Now a "horse power" is only a technical mode of expression, representing a certain amount of weight lifted a certain height in a certain time. The unit of a horse power is fixed by general consent at 33,000 pounds raised one foot high in one minute. It follows, then, that an engine capable of raising 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute is of one-horse power.

The friction break is an instrument for determining the horse power of an engine; without describing it too fully in detail, it will be sufficient to say that by means of the friction it produces on the fly-wheel of the engine, the weight due to the horses' power of such engine is practically lifted. Supposing, for example, that a "racer" be entered for trial as of eight horses' power, the friction break will be applied in such a manner as to compel it to lift a weight equal to eight times 33,000 pounds one foot high per minute; if, while this is being done, notice be taken of the time occupied in the consumption of one cwt. of coal, it is evident that we shall have as the result the length of time during which 112 pounds of coal will produce a power equal to that of eight horses. It is, then, a matter of simple division to find the quantity of coal required to produce a power of one horse for the same time, and finally discover the quantity of coal required by the engine to enable it to give out a power equal to that of one horse for one hour. Thus, then, all engines may be brought to one standard, and the friction break is the means by which we may discover how much coal per horse power per hour each competing engine requires, the lowest in consumption naturally standing first in the rank.

But the steam is up, and our friend in the overalls, who has explained all this to us, opens the starting-valve and turns round to note upon a ruled memorandum sheet nailed to the wall, beside which hangs his watch, the precise time occupied in getting up steam—"25 minutes"—not bad to begin with.

The engine is off, the "break" compelling her to lift the weight due to her power, and the "trial" has fairly begun. Now, look at that little heap of coal beside the fire box; a most scanty morsel it seems; every energy has to be exhausted and every ingenuity to be resorted to, to make that little scuttleful of coals last as long as possible. She runs steadily along for fifteen minutes, then the needle of the sensitive pressure gauge begins to tell of a slight fall in the pressure of the steam; more fuel must go on the fire. Now if you imagine that our friend the fireman is about to open that door and heave on his coal by the shovelful you are vastly mistaken. He first peeps through a small talc window about two inches in diameter, set like an eye in the furnace door, marks where the fire is thinnest, opens a tiny circular door immediately below the eye aforesaid, and with a hooked "pricker" gently spreads the fuel evenly over the fire bars; then, in an instrument of about the bigness of a good-

thirty experiments with her in all, and at each we hope for some little improvement."

"Hope so, too," said Plummer, evidently pleased with the present results.

"Sit down, now, James, and have some lunch."

So we all did justice to the cold beef and bitter beer, and did not forget to drink success to the little engine we had just left, when her time came to show her powers on the Agricultural Society's race-course at Carlisle.

I will not say here that Messrs. Block and Bolt's engine did take the prize at the recent trials, or knowing readers would search the Society's report to find out who these gentlemen are; it will be enough if I have succeeded in showing that this new development of the sport of racing may have, like its better known representatives, some attractions and excitements as well as its failures and successes.

D. P.

A TALK ABOUT RYDAL MOUNT.

THE sound of "going—going—gone" has within the last week or two been heard at Rydal Mount among Wordsworth's books and pictures. In a dusty room in the Strand or Piccadilly the tap of the hammer, to which we have been summoned by a fluttering catalogue, is a sound harmonious enough; but in a place which has been advertised as "the haunt of pious memories," it seems to be exactly one of those melodies which "unheard would have been sweeter still." Not that Wordsworth ever cared much for books or pictures, finding the one rather in the brooks that purred down the sides of Fairfield, and the other in the shadows that played along Loughrigg. But somehow there is a petulance in the sound which disturbs our sense of peacefulness, even more than the whistle of the shepherd might the face of old Pan, when that grotesque divinity had dropped asleep in the hot noon. Forty-five years of quiet, however, have folded round Rydal Mount, and nobody ought to complain.

When Wordsworth first settled in the valley, it lay almost as when Gray twenty years before had quitted it; neither native nor stranger suspected it to be a Paradise. The country people liked the continual babble of the brooks, liked their misty hills and meres, but only found out their liking when they were miles away from them. The roads were long and winding and stony, as if they had been made or mended in detached furlongs and roods, as indeed they were along the Rotha, the schoolmaster of Ambleside and his scholars turning out on holiday afternoons to practise mensuration and paving. The Rotha then brawled and foamed over masses of glossy rock, made delicious bends and curves all the leafy way from Grasmere to Windermere. No utilitarian ever dreamed of picking out the stones from their natural bed, and of piling up unlovely walls with them. The dalemen were on good terms with their river, and like the fisherman in Undine did not churlishly forbid it their property. Ferns and lichens and mosses innumerable strewed their russet and golden fringes over the bulging grey rocks. Over Thirlmere the eagle sailed in the blue air, and

the raven croaked from the yew, and the squirrel ran for many a woodland mile along the tree tops. Up hill and down dale, over black Wetherlam and Hard-Knot, trotted the merry file of pack-horses, jingling their weekly bells, as they carried bales from Kendal to Whitehaven.

In expectation, too, of dull November nights, odd kegs of whiskey were snugly hidden under the heather by Derwentwater. In the summer-time, seductive peddlers displayed their wares at the cottage-door, and loquacious clockmakers looked into the farm-houses to set to rights the course of country time; and Benjamin, the waggoner, watered his horses and whiskeyed or genevaed himself at the Swan or the Cherry Tree. Occasionally, too, a gipsy's or a potter's tent sent up a blue smoke, or shed a ruddy light under the rain-mottled crags by the Quarry Flats, while the gaunt, half-blind horses cropped the rank grass or whisked away the flies in the glimmering shade. Lonely leech-gatherers were seen on the moors. Little Lucy Grays, and Ruths, and Barbara Lethwaites crossed the rickety wooden bridges or set their water-mills in the becks, or tried to make their ewe lambs drink in the croft. The shadows of fair-eyed little cottage girls passed under the lych-gates, and rested, after sunset, among the green mounds in Grasmere churchyard. Dozens of white strawberry-blossoms glistened in the crannies of the rocks; daisies cast their wee shadows on the stones; troops of celandines starred the brooks, and hundreds of daffodils "danced in the wind" on the shores of Ulswater. Nobody who lived at the lakes thought these things more than common, or even noticeable. The native poets who composed, as topographical Mr. Clarke tells us, mostly "after supper or on Sunday afternoons," rather celebrated the superiority of the lake beer, as operating upon the souls, and affecting the hue of mortal man, than the excellence of the scenery. The beauties of Rydal and Grasmere, and Derwentwater, were, like the Scotch lakes, uncelebrated and unvisited. There were no remarkable inns which bore the names, which had boarded and bedded, and were under the continual patronage of, illustrious or remarkable persons. There were no gabled boat-houses, nor obtrusive repositories of the fine arts, nor agreeable lounges where visitors were taught the charms of the country; no guides emerged from insidious huts, walked before or behind the unwilling traveller, conveyed him mechanically to the best points, quoted poetry to him, bade him observe what had been said of the geology, chipped off a fragment of rock, or picked up a moss for him; and, finally, protruded their hands for a shilling, in consequence of the scenery.

These contrivances were not yet known. In the vale and on the hill-side all was "peace, rusticity, and happy poverty;" not a trim garden or glaring house was to be seen. Farm-houses of grey slate, shadowed by sycamore or yew, welcomed you with open door, or enticed you to lean over the gate and smell the sweetbriar, and rest your eye on the hollyhocks, the damask roses, and the yellow corchorus. Children in rushen caps, or with whips of plaited rushes, might be seen playing about the door: and late in July, and

even in August, the wind would bring you a pleasant whiff from the hay-field. Famous wrestlers and mathematicians got their rudiments of health and learning there, and others who were certainly healthy, if in no respect famous persons. The air and the food were favourable to longevity, and the gudemen and gudewives were not often gathered to their "forelders" before their eightieth, ninetieth, or even their hundredth year.

William Wordsworth, and his favourite sister, took up their abode in a little cottage at Grasmere, December 21, 1779. They arrived after a long, cold journey of twenty miles, the greater part performed on foot, with a few miles of ease, or unease, in an empty cart. The white cottage, with its window darkened by a yew, is still to be seen by the high-road at Town-end, of as humble dimensions as Coleridge's first cottage at Clevedon. Before Wordsworth came to it, it was a public-house, and bore the sign of "The Dove and Olive Bough." Altered as it now is, there remains enough, within and without, to give the place interest. A few stone steps lead into "the plot of orchard ground" the poet once called his own, and of which he said, "my trees they were my sister's flowers." The hills "close us in their solemn shelter," yet the vale is "soft, and gay and beautiful." A hundred yards off lies the lake, with

Its own green island, and its winding shores,
The multitude of little rocky hills,
The church, and cottages of mountain stone,
Cluster'd like stars—

In the orchard many of Wordsworth's best and earliest poems were written: "The Brothers;" "The Pet Lamb;" "Ruth;" "Michael;" and the magnificent "Ode to Immortality." We cannot help thinking of the visitors who entered through that little cottage door: Coleridge, Scott, Southey, Charles Lamb, Sir Humphry Davy,—in that early and frugal time "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." There, in 1803, Wordsworth, Scott, and Sir Humphry Davy, "clomb the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn" together; and the austere water-drinking bard recommended his guests to avail themselves of the Swan if they needed stronger potations. In later years the house was occupied by Mr. de Quincy.

Rydal Mount, henceforward an historical spot, became Wordsworth's home in 1813. By that time Mr. Longman's valuer, who estimated the Lyrical Ballads at "nothing," had become aware of his mistake, and, as a compensation for Byron's satire, an appointment of four hundred a-year entitled the poet to respect in the county. The simple Westmoreland folk as little understood the pedestrian who "bood his poetry," as they said, by the lakes and among the hills, as the All-foxden people who regarded him as a smuggler. "Wadsworth's brokken loose agen," was the country colloquial opinion of the value of his poetry. Why a stamp distributor should meditate on primroses and talk to himself for hours by Easedale Tarn and along the Brathay, was to the commonsensical agriculturist not easy to understand. Strangers and natives now have inklings,

though perhaps a generation or two must pass before the vicinage quite understands.

No spot so entirely satisfies our idea of a poet's house as Rydal Mount. You approach it by a steep ascent under pleasantly waving trees. On one side is the park wall of a hall, which has belonged to the Flemings ever since the Conquest, and whose oaks were young when the good knights who lie in the ruins of Furness led the Rydal and Grasmere bowmen to Crecy and Agincourt.

Beneath is Rydal church, and the few houses which are called the village; and lower still, though unseen, runs the Rotha, unimproved and still beautiful. Six or seven tall plummy firs wave round the gate, and a wood of evergreen and "ivy never sere" covers the house. A crimson japonica flowers round one window; there waves a laburnum, and a juniper, hung with streamers of gadding rose. The cottage is long and low, and walled in with laurels and evergreens. When we were last there two or three little birds were pecking at the windows, and lifting themselves up on tip-toe, as if to look in.

The room into which visitors were shown was on the left, and from its windows you looked down upon Rydal Lake, its rocky islet and the heronry. From the niche opposite the window, Chantry's bust of Scott faced you; on the side wall hung a Virgin of Raphael's and some small drawings; on the other side a Morland-like picture of a girl with soft brown hair, and a face not beautiful, but full of goodness.

This was the poet's daughter, afterwards Mrs. Quilinan; and for many an hour after her death Wordsworth sat before this picture silently. The inner room was the library. It consisted for the most part of books you could hold in your hand and read by the fire. Many of them were presents. There was a "Religio Medici," given by Charles Lamb; a Chapman's Homer, pencilled over by S. T. Coleridge; a "Marmion," marked with the name of Walter Scott; three volumes of "Political Disquisitions," from Thomas de Quincy to William Wordsworth; a Calvin of Coleridge's; Cato "De Re Rustica." Of course there was Purchas's "Pilgrims," and Collins, and "Choicest Flowers of our Modern Poets, with their Poetical Comparisons, 1200—1600," "Wit's Recreations, containing 630 Epigrams, 160 Epitaphs, and a variety of Fantasies and Fantasties good for Melancholy Humours." There were Randolph's "Muse's Looking Glass," and "England's Helicon," and several volumes of "Causes Célèbres." Some of these volumes and of those often used in the dining-room were bound in cotton, and were playfully called the Cottonian Library. Sir George Beaumont's illustrations of the Ballads hung on the walls.

On the right was the dining-room, a little low dark room, where Wordsworth generally sat, the windows looking to the south and affording a pleasant glimpse of Windermere. Very noticeable was a quaint old-fashioned grate with blue Dutch tiles, symbolising Christ at the Well of Samaria, Jael striking Sisera, and like Scripture subjects. Over the mantelpiece were old line-engravings of Wordsworth's five favourite poets, in this order:

common sense in a boy; it remains to be seen whether you have spirit to carry out your own thought. There is a country, Gerard, where certain fortune awaits you at this moment. Here the arts freeze, but there they flourish, as they never yet flourished in any age or land."

"It is Italy!" cried Gerard. "It is Italy!"

"Yes, Italy! where painters are honoured like princes, and scribes are paid three hundred crowns for copying a single manuscript. Know you not that his Holiness the Pope has written to every land for skilful scribes to copy the hundreds of precious manuscripts that are pouring into that favoured land from Constantinople, whence learning and learned men are driven by the barbarian Turks."

"Nay, I know not that; but it has been the dream and hope of my life to visit Italy, the queen of all the arts. Oh, madam! but the journey, and we are all so poor."

"Find you the heart to go, I'll find the means. I know where to lay my hand on ten golden angels to take you to Rome; and the girl will go with you if she loves you as she ought."

They sat till midnight over this theme. And, after that day, Gerard recovered his spirits, and seemed to carry some secret talisman against all the gibes and the harsh words that flew about his ears at home.

Besides the money she procured him for the journey, Margaret Van Eyck gave him money's worth. Said she, "I will tell you secrets that I learned from masters that are gone from me, and have left no fellow behind. Even the Italians know not everything; and what I tell you now in Tergou you may sell dear in Florence. Note my brother John's pictures: time, which fades all other paintings, leaves his colours bright as the day they left the easel. The reason is, he did nothing blindly, nothing in a hurry. He trusted to no hireling to grind his colours; he did it himself, or saw it done. His panel was prepared, and prepared again—I will show you how—a year before he laid his colour on. Most of them are quite content to have their work sucked up and lost sooner than not be in a hurry—bad painters are always in a hurry. Above all, Gerard, I warn you never boil your oil; boiling it melts that vegetable dross into its very heart, which it is our business to clear away; for impure oil is death to colour. No; take your oil and pour it into a bottle with water. In a day or two, the water will turn muddy: that is muck from the oil. Pour the dirty water carefully away, and add fresh. When that is poured away, you will fancy the oil is clear. You are mistaken. Richt, fetch me that!" Richt brought a glass trough with a glass lid fitting tight. "When your oil has been washed in bottle, put it into this trough with water, and put the trough in the sun all day. You will soon see the water turbid again. But mark, you must not carry this game too far, or the sun will turn your oil to varnish. When it is as clear as crystal, and not too drying, drain carefully, and cork it up tight. Grind your own prime colours, and lay them on with this oil, and they shall live. Hubert would put sand or salt in the water to clear the oil quicker. But John

used to say, 'Water will do it best, if you but give water time.' Jan Van Eyck was never in a hurry, and that is why the world will not forget him in a hurry."

This and several other receipts—*quæ nunc perscribere longum est*—Margaret gave him with sparkling eyes, and Gerard received them like a legacy from Heaven, so interesting are some things that read uninteresting. Thus provided with money and knowledge, Gerard decided to marry and fly with his wife to Italy. Nothing remained now but to inform Margaret Brandt of his resolution, and to publish the banns as quietly as possible. He went to Sevenbergen earlier than usual on both these errands. He began with Margaret; told her of the Dame Van Eyck's goodness, and the resolution he had come to at last, and invited her co-operation.

She refused it plump.

CHAPTER XII.

"No, Gerard; you and I have never spoken of your family, but when you come to marriage—" She stopped, then began again. "I do think your father has no objection to me more than to another. He told Peter Buysken as much, and Peter told me. But so long as he is so bent on your being a priest (you ought to have told me this instead of I you), I could not marry you, Gerard, dearly as I love you."

Gerard strove in vain to shake this resolution. He found it very easy to make her cry, but impossible to make her yield. Then Gerard was impatient and unjust.

"Very well!" he cried; "then you are on their side, and you will drive me to be a priest, for this must end one way or another. My parents hate me in earnest, but my lover only loves me in jest!"

And with this wild, bitter speech, he flung away home again, and left Margaret weeping.

(To be continued.)

MAN AND THE HORSE.

THE contest between mind and matter is intelligible enough. There cannot be much doubt on which side victory will remain in the long run, for it is a mere question of weighing, measuring, calculating, observing, and drawing conclusions. Earth, sea, air; the more subtle powers of nature, such as electricity, heat, and so forth, have been pressed into the service of man, and rendered obedient to his will. Into these contests neither passion nor feeling enters. It is impossible to feel resentment against a circular storm. An earthquake may inspire the immediate patients with dread, but these are mere victims, not combatants. They are not engaged in taming the subterranean fire; they have not pitted human reason against the volcano's unreasoning strength. When this is to be done, the philosopher, discoverer—call him what you will—will no more give way to emotion than Watt when he grappled with the problem of steam, or Davy when he fought his successful duel with fire-damp. Whether it be Newton speculating on the fall of the apple, or Agassiz calculating the downward progress of the glacier, the human champion in such struggles

knows well that he must not attribute feeling to matter, nor allow such a misapprehension to disturb the equable play of his own powers.

Take the other side of the picture. Between man and his fellow-man the contest is in the main emotional. "If you want me to cry, shed the first tear yourself," said the Alexander Pope of Augustin days. Nineteen-twentieths of man's life (I speak alone of human relations) deal with mere questions of feeling; and I doubt if the twentieth part can altogether be assigned in an unmixed way to the province of reason. Have an argument with a man you dislike, and see if he will convince you. Try and bring a child up according to the canons of pure logic. Why is a constant disputant a constant bore? What is the meaning of oratory, poetry, music, love, friendship, hatred, compassion, mourning for those who have gone before us, and that yearning to rejoin them which is stronger than the grave? All this is pure emotion, and of such stuff is life made up. If, then, you would train a child, or ever exercise any influence upon your fellow-creatures, you must do so mainly by handling those golden harmonies which are always ready in every human heart to own the master's touch.

But there is a half-way house; and this brings us to our immediate point. There is such a thing as a storm which can be taught to love and dread you; as an electric flash which could destroy you in a second, and which yet you can tame to your will—not as Franklin did it, by sending up a kite, but by caressing and rebuking it as you would a froward child. The thought occurred to me the other day when I watched Mr. Rarey in Leicester Square as he lay upon the ground, and lifted to his forehead the hinder hoofs of a wild and savage horse, whom he had just subdued to his will. Not a blow, not an angry word had passed; but there lay the horse on the litter by his side, obedient, passive, prostrate. Not half-an-hour before he would simply have killed half-a-dozen unarmed men who had been shut up with him in a yard, and endeavoured to cast him upon the ground. Mr. Rarey had effectually mastered the animal's nature. He had operated upon matter, but upon matter of so emotional a kind that during the progress of the operation it might be regarded as mere force (the *Kratos* or *Bia* of *Æschylus*), under the absolute dominion of terror and wrath.

Now, as far as it is possible to do so in words, my wish is to make clear to the reader what I saw myself on the day in question. It is, however, a transaction which can only be fully comprehended if it is seen. In common with others, I had read the little sixpenny book published by Routledge, entitled "The Taming of Horses, By J. S. Rarey." When my reading was done, I was pretty much in the situation of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme when his fencing-master put a foil in his hand, and told him that the whole science of fencing consisted in killing your adversary and not being killed yourself. I found at the conclusion of that little work, that when I wanted to make a horse lie down—that horse being *Cruiser* or the *King of Oude*—all I had to do was to bend his left fore-leg and slip a loop over it, so that he could not get it down. The

next point was to put a circingle round his body (*Cruiser's* body!), and fasten one end of a long strap around the other fore-leg, just above the hoof (the *King of Oude's* hoof!). Then I was to place the other end under the circingle, so as to keep the strap in the right direction; to take a short hold of it with my right hand; to stand on the left side of the horse; to grasp the bit in my left hand; to pull steadily upon the strap with my right; to bear against his shoulder till I caused him to move. As soon as I lifted his weight—so I read—my pulling would raise his other foot, and he would then have to come on his knees.

At this point, I was above all things to be careful to keep the strap tight in my hand, so that he could not straighten his leg if he rose up. As I held him in this position, he would turn his head towards me; I was then to bear against his side with my shoulder, not hard (certainly not), but with a steady, equal pressure, and in about ten minutes he would lie down. As soon as he was down he would be completely conquered, and I might handle him as I pleased. That, no doubt, would be a very pleasant moment, if ever it arrived; but I could not help feeling throughout that in all probability before the ten minutes were out, either *Cruiser* or the *Sovereign of Oude* would have tamed me in a very effectual manner, all straps, loops, and circingles to the contrary notwithstanding.

I can positively affirm that this is precisely what Mr. Rarey did; but although the directions are as accurately transcribed from his own little book as the necessary inversion of the phrases will permit, I affirm, with equal certainty, that they would be of very little use to any one who had not seen the operation actually performed. I more than doubt, in the case of any animal of a peculiarly savage and vicious character (there are *Rushes* as well as *Oberlins* amongst the equine tribe), if any man, not possessed of Mr. Rarey's own extraordinary nerve and self-possession, could carry the experiment to a successful issue, even after he had witnessed one of the great horse-tamer's struggles and victories. Ordinary horse-tamers well imbued with his method, may succeed with ordinary horses, and, even so, an incalculable amount of good will have been worked; but the horse which is a miracle of savagery and madness will still require the man who is a miracle of cool courage to bring him to his bearings. This, however, in no way detracts from the value of Mr. Rarey's method; the proved success of which ought to work an entire change in our system of horse-breaking. I simply mean, that as you must call in a first-rate surgeon to perform some operation of peculiar difficulty, so you will always be compelled to place such a horse as *Cruiser* in the hands of Mr. Rarey himself, or his successor—if such an one may be found—if you would not see the man torn or mashed to pieces, and the experiment a failure.

It is a grand sight when the horse is first brought in. What a snorting, and shrieking, and plunging, and vicious display of teeth. Let us suppose the horse at first to be free, or that he has broken loose from the head-stall or long halter which had helped to introduce him to the presence. A wild horse, thoroughly roused to the

top of his bent under the influence of rage and fear, is a sight which he who has once seen will not readily forget. Some little time passes by whilst the animal is expending his fury in this purposeless way—but at length he catches sight of a tall, quiet man standing motionless, within his reach. That man is of course Mr. Rarey. At this moment there is no reason—if the horse knew his own power—why he should not rend the man into atoms, and stamp the life out of him. He does not take advantage of the golden moment; he rushes madly about hither and thither; he stands at gaze, contemplating the strange object, with distended nostril and blood-shot eye. The man remains immovable, fixed as a statue, his right arm extended from the elbow. The horse will come up, all but, to him; he will put his head down, and paw the ground. If the man moved backward, the horse would rush at him; if forwards, in all probability he would attack him with his teeth. This last sentence, however, embodies a mere conjecture of my own, for, in neither of the two operations which I witnessed, did any such catastrophe occur. On the contrary, the horse-tamer's power over the animal was far more speedy in operation than I had expected to see it: so much so, that the idea would suggest itself,—Is this in very truth a mad and savage horse? I can only state it as my own conviction, that there was no delusion about the matter—and this from the further course of the operation. It appeared to me that Mr. Rarey must have some extraordinary power of fascination about his eye, or his general bearing, which soothed the fury, and assuaged the terror of the animal. Soon you saw the horse standing motionless in the midst of the arena, and watching rather with an expression of curiosity than of fear and anger, the movements of the man as he strode up to his head very slowly, very gently, and ever with extended hand. At length, when Mr. Rarey was close upon him, he reached out his head, and eagerly smelt at his hand, his wrist, his sleeves. There was no precipitation. The object seemed to be to give the horse as much time as he might choose to take. The tamer's hand now caressed the horse's head above the nostrils, smoothed it down, passed up to the forehead, and repeated the process. By this time Mr. Rarey was standing by the horse's left shoulder, and had caught hold, with his other hand, of the end of his head-stall or halter.

I have been informed that at this stage of the operation the horse will break away sometimes more than once; but this is obviously a mere question of time. This I did not see. Mr. Rarey now proceeded to pass his hand down the animal's side, just as any one of us might do to a horse which he was fondling or petting. This lasted some minutes, the horse evidently pleased to be relieved from his terrors, and appearing to enjoy the tamer's caress. At length Mr. Rarey began to stroke his fore legs, more especially the left fore leg. Here was the critical moment. In an incredibly short space of time (it was almost like a trick of legerdemain) Mr. Rarey got the strap out of his pocket, took up the horse's left fore leg, and slipped a loop over it, so that he could not get it down. There was nothing, however, abrupt

or jerking about the way this was done; it was just as though he had been continuously stroking the leg; but the thing was done. I was told that this is the real instant of victory. From the moment the horse's leg is strapped up, he is conquered. Plenty, however, remains to be told.

I had supposed that as soon as the horse felt one of his fore legs thus confined, he would at once recommence his struggles. This did not happen in the cases which I witnessed. The horse stood quiet, and suffered himself to be caressed. Mr. Rarey stroked him over his back, his shoulders, his left side, and then began to make fresh appeals to his right leg. This took some minutes more. At length he took a long strap out of his pocket, and fastened it by a buckle around the right fore leg, just above the hoof: he then carried the other end through the circingle, holding the end firmly in his right hand. The next step was to take a short hold of the halter, and to pull with great strength, but slowly and continuously—not by a jerk—on both, but mainly, as it seemed to me, on the halter. The horse now took alarm again, but the upward spring which he gave to relieve himself from restraint, of course lifted the right leg from the ground, and when he came down again, it was on both his knees. I should have said that Mr. Rarey had fitted the horse with knee-caps before he pulled him down. A considerable time—about ten minutes—elapsed from this period of the operation until the animal was fairly rolled over; and this was one of the most remarkable parts of the exhibition.

Throughout, let him struggle as he might, Mr. Rarey never quitted his left shoulder, nor relaxed his grasp on the strap. The horse reared up into the air, making frantic beatings with his handcuffed fore legs, but it was all in vain. Let him fight as he would, he was invariably brought down on his knees; and in this truncated attitude he stood, panting, snorting, foaming, until at last the fierceness of his spirit seemed to give way, and he looked around him rather in a pitiable than a ferocious way, as much as to say, "This is really too bad!" But whether he struggled, or whether he remained quiet, the even pressure was never taken off his left shoulder. Before he yielded to it finally, he made one struggle more determined than all that had gone before, but with this his fury was spent. At length he suffered himself to be literally "tumbled" over, thoroughly tamed. I noticed that when he was fairly on his side, the poor creature gave a great sigh, which seemed to my fancy to be one of relief, as though he had thought within himself, "Well! I've nothing to blame myself with; but that's well over at any rate." When once upon his side, the horse was effectually tamed: he was as passive in the hands of his conqueror as one of the well-trained circus-horses, which at a given signal fall upon the floor of the arena, and simulate death.

Whilst the animal lay in this condition Mr. Rarey patted and stroked him over, or, to use his own quaint phrase, "gentled," first one side then the other; now this leg—then that. From his expressions you would have inferred that he had magnetised the whole of the horse's frame in detail, and that had he neglected to make his passes over

any particular section of the horse—that section would still have remained in a state of savagery. Thus you might have had three tame legs, and a wild one. This, no doubt, implies an exaggeration. I only mean to convey an idea of the importance which the operator seemed to attach to familiarising the animal with contact with the human hand over its whole frame. The straps which had confined his fore legs were soon removed, but still the horse lay perfectly passive, and seemingly content with his situation. Mr. Rarey lay upon him; stepped over him, sate upon his head, took his fore-legs, rubbed them and moved them backwards and forwards as you would do if you had intended to restore checked or impeded circulation. The same process took place with the hind legs, and here it was evident that volition, and the power of independent muscular action was gone. The hind-legs were soft and flaccid; they moved as they were pulled, and remained where they had been placed. Mr. Rarey lay down upon the ground, and taking one of the horse's hind-feet, placed the armed hoof on his forehead. Had there been but one momentary spasm of volition, or return of ferocity, the horse-tamer was a dead man. He was like a man tied to the mouth of a gun; nothing could have saved him had the fire been applied to the charge.

This portion of the operation may have lasted about a quarter of an hour. Mr. Rarey then made the horse get up, which he did readily enough, but now every spark of his original ferocity seemed extinct. Saddle and bridle were brought in. They were first presented to the horse, and were carefully examined by him. The examination was conducted entirely by the sense of smell.

When the process of saddling, mounting, and dismounting had been freely accomplished, a drum

was brought in by one of the attendants. This also was presented to the horse, who carefully smelt it all over, and soon appeared satisfied that no harm was intended. The drum was passed over his head, neck, shoulders; his sides were rubbed with it, and finally it was placed upon his back, and softly tapped at first. The horse merely pricked up his ears. It was sounded louder and louder by degrees, until at last the most enthusiastic drummer would have been satisfied with the disturbance and clatter. This seemed to be the crucial test, and the animal was led out meek, and entirely subdued.

Now, this is a faithful and unexaggerated account of what I saw. How far the effect produced upon the horse by Mr. Rarey's method may be permanent I have no means of judging. In the "Times" of this morning, July 26, I observe a letter in which it is stated that Cruiser, forgetful of Mr. Rarey's lessons, has inflicted injuries of so grave a character upon his groom, that he is now lying at St. George's Hospital at the last extremity. We cannot, however, venture to draw conclusions from this lamentable occurrence, unless we knew how far this unfortunate man had treated the horse in accordance with Mr. Rarey's instructions. Even if there are exceptional cases in which the improvement is transitory, not permanent—apparent, not real—we must remember that we find incorrigible and untrainable cases even amongst human beings. Why should not a horse be afflicted with homicidal mania as well as a man? A system of education may be the best which the wit of man can devise; but no one would affirm that it would never fail in particular cases. The system of Mr. Rarey must be judged of as a whole, and by its general results; as such we may confidently affirm that it will be productive of great good both to man and to the horse.

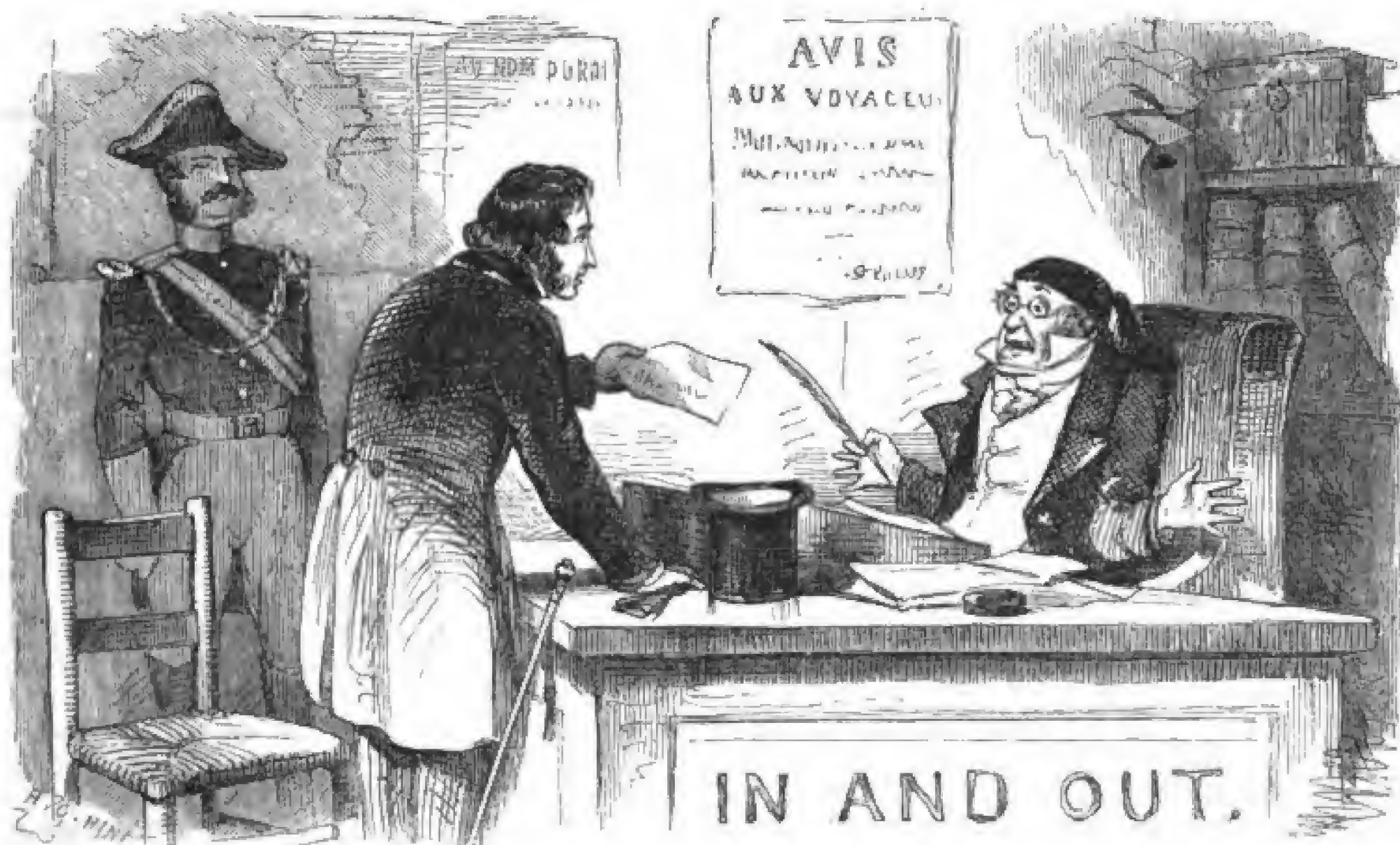
A. A. KNOX.

SEBASTOPOL VILLA.



ALWAYS do my best to earn my welcome at those houses where I—fortunate bachelor that I am—enjoy the privilege of being able to drop in when I like, of an evening, for a cup of tea and a pleasant chat. So that—happening to be present when the new microscope, which my friend Jones had ordered as a present for his wife, came home; and hearing that lady express a wish for a bottle full of the green slime of stagnant ponds, “in which the dear animalcules and infusoria, about which Mr. Gosse writes so charmingly,” are to be found—you may be sure that I took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded me of making myself acceptable; and promised my hostess that I would forthwith obtain for her a liberal supply of those interesting creatures to try her long coveted instrument upon; and early the following morning I started off, like a man of my word, to procure them.

I can recal the time when I could have got what I wanted within half a mile of the Marble Arch, but those days have long since passed away. I remembered that when travelling by railway I had passed through fields in the neighbourhood of—let us call the suburb—Whichstead, in which green ponds were still to be found, and thitherward I directed



A TOURIST'S SOUVENIR.

FROM the days of the Patriarch Joseph down to those in which we, "the latest seed of time," have the hap to live, there have been prisoners released, or escaped, to end their days in liberty and honour. Plenty of them have left to posterity the record of their wrongs. Some in song; some in slip-slop; some in words that burn; some in twaddle so anti-phlogistic as well-nigh to make the yawning reader curse the hour of their liberation. There are, too, names enough of saints in the dismal calendar of prisoners to fling a halo of interest round the mere name of captive. Captives, be it observed, not gaol-birds—I speak without thought of Newgate or petty larceny, Dick Turpin or Jack Sheppard. It may be that the brightest luminaries of that hagiology emerged from the darkness of captivity, only to flash for a moment in the eyes of men, ere they set for ever upon the scaffold. But there are plenty of stars, of no contemptible magnitude, whose light has come forth to shine undimmed by the damps of the dungeon. Galileo, Tasso, Lovelace, the Prophet Daniel, Lavallette, Baron Trench, the seven bishops, Silvio Pellico—(I have no turn for chronological arrangement)—all managed, somehow or other, to get safely out of durance, and die peaceably in their beds. His Imperial Majesty Louis Napoleon III. spent some portion of his existence in the solitude of Ham. The Baron Pœrio is—long may he remain so—an escaped prisoner.

Pauld minor—so am I. And it happened in this wise:—

In the year 1847, in the reign of that constitutional French monarch who subsequently retired into private life and a foreign country under the unassuming appellation of Mr. Smith, I was in my youth, and in my first travel, on the Rhine.

Youth, first travel, and the Rhine! Let the reader of experience be grateful, that even on such texts, I abstain from preaching.

At Wiesbaden. And at Wiesbaden it happened—no matter how—that I found it necessary to take steps to replenish an exhaust—wanted money, in short. And so, with letters of credit in hand, I betook myself to the bureau of M. Junius Merlé, named in that document as the correspondent of the London bankers who undertook the charge of keeping my modest "account."

My name is—let me see. For the purposes of this narrative my name is Temple, Henry Temple. I am going to lie a little in the matter of names, but, upon my honour, I stop there: all beyond shall be true as gospel. To those who know me, even my pseudonyms will be transparent enough. To those who don't, no matter.

M. Junius Merlé sat behind his counter expectant of custom. Except in the great capitals, bankers' establishments on the continent are, as travellers know, rarely mounted on the same scale to which we are accustomed at home; and in M. Merlé's bureau, which comprised a space of some twelve feet square, there was no appearance or symptom of a clerk, unless, indeed, Madame Merlé, who sat quietly knitting behind the farthest corner of the same (and only) counter, was to be suspected, from what followed, of occasionally assisting her better half in that capacity.

There is, for us English, no disguising our nationality, were we ever so disposed. Before I had got out three syllables of the French harangue, carefully prepared for the exposition of my necessities, M. Merlé was down upon me with a few words of indifferent but polite English, and holding out his hand for my letter of credit.

As he read it a curious sort of smile stole over M. Merlé's face. He looked up from the letter at me, and down again from me at the letter, and at last he broke into an audible chuckle. Madame Merlé, attracted by a behaviour probably unusual, sidled up to her husband and stole a glance over his shoulder at the credentials which seemed to move his risibility. Strange! the very same curious smile crept over the placid, blonde German countenance of the lady, and she looked at her husband, and he looked at her; and with a simultaneous "Ach! mein Gott! wie sonderbar!" they stood chuckling undisguisedly at each other.

"What the devil are they grinning at?" said I, half aloud, to myself.

"Und sie heissen wahrlich—Ach! I forget!—Dat is your name truly, Heinrich Tempel?" said M. Merlé, with the tip of his massively-ringed finger pointed to the line where I appeared so designated.

"Of course it is," said I. "Is there anything funny in it?"

"Ach! no," said M. Merlé, still with the remnant of a smile, "hut we know well here dat name."

"Indeed. How so?"

"He live here, Heinrich Tempel, dree, four, five year. He sheat—vat you call swindel—all the world, and he vanish away sudden, and make at Frankfurt the fraudulent bankrupt for—ach! Himmel! sebhenty-four tousand gulden!"

I interposed some common-place expression of regret that one bearing my name should have so misconducted himself.

"Vell," said M. Merlé, consolingly, "he vas not you. He do this now seben year since. He live here in all society. He was a man most charming, most delightful. He speak all languages. He have two hankers in your London—how you call them? Berrys and Barker. He was a Jew—"

"I never heard of a Jew so named," said I. "What was he like?"

"I know not. He was a Jew for all dat. He have at dat time fifty-seben year. A small man, dat wear a perruque, and make trips, *des petite pas*, do leetle steps ven he valk. Ach, vell!" repeated M. Merlé, turning short off to business as a fresh customer entered, and stood awaiting his turn of attention. "He vas not you. How mauh money vill you vant?"

I journeyed with the results of that interview to Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Straabourg, down the Rhine again, and up the Moselle to Treves. And all this while, saving that I had mentioned in a letter home the misdeeds of my namesake, and had received, in a reply from my sister, the expression of a hope that I should not be exposed to any annoyance on his account, troubled my head no farther about the former Henry Temple and his rascalities.

It was at the fall of a fine evening on the 22nd September that, travelling solitary in a private "leathern conveyency," I reached the gates of the old fortified town of Luxembourg, leaving at the entrance my passport, which was there demanded for the first time since my landing at Ostend, and which was returned to me at my

hotel, either that night or early the following morning, without a word of comment.

And here I should say a word about this passport. The Foreign Office passes, with which all wise men now travel, were at that time much more expensive and much less used than at present, and mine had been granted by the Belgian Consul in London and duly *visé* for the countries through which I intended to pass. It contained, of course, a "signalement," most of whose particulars would have applied as well to anybody else as to myself; hut it was, at any rate, strictly correct in stating me to be *thirty-one* years of age, five feet ten or eleven inches high, and that the colour of my beard, or so much of it as I then wore, was "roussâtre." It had not taken the trouble to notice that I wore spectacles, and bore a slight permanent scar on one cheek. Startling fidelity was never a characteristic of these written likenesses.

Luxembourg—(passport again demanded at the French frontier town of Thionville, and returned with bows and politeness)—Metz, Verdun, Châlons sur Marne, unmolested slept I at each of these places; and early on the 26th of September, descended at the excellent hotel of the Lion d'Or, at Rheims. On the morning of the 27th, I leaned against the porte-cochère of the hotel, tranquilly smoking my cigar and revolving the means of most speedily and comfortably reaching the crowning attraction of my trip—the yet unvisited Paris. There was no railway. The coupé of the diligence was engaged for three or four days to come. How was I to go? Fate stepped in and moved the adjournment of the debate.

Fate—in the shape of a heavily-moustached "bon gendarme"—who, glancing at me as he passed, to exchange a word or two with the people in the bureau of the hotel, returned, stopped, bowed, and spoke:

"Was he right in supposing that he addressed M. Temple?"

He was.

"M. Henri Temple, perhaps?"

The same.

"Did Monsieur happen to have a passport?"

Of course, Monsieur had one.

"Would Monsieur allow him a sight of it?"

Certainly, if it gave him any satisfaction. Monsieur would step up-stairs and fetch it.

Ah! no; he could not think of it: he would accompany Monsieur.

So he did; and I don't think there was much belonging to Monsieur that did not fall within the range of his observation, during the two minutes which he passed in Monsieur's apartment.

"Would Monsieur," he said, when he got my passport, "give himself the trouble to step with him over the way for a little moment?"

Certainly Monsieur would,—though he didn't a hit understand the meaning of it all.

"De quelle religion êtes vous, Monsieur?" said he, as he passed by the glorious west front of the cathedral.

Monsieur was a Protestant of the Church of England. (What the deuce could it matter to the gendarme?)

"Monsieur n'est donc pas Juif?"

Then, at once, the truth flashed upon me. I was supposed to be my namesake, of whom M. Junius Merlé had told me at Wiesbaden.

"Aha," said I, "maintenant j'y suis. La chose commence à s'expliquer!" The thing was too absurd, and I laughed in the gendarme's face. He smiled, too, but not heartily; and the fact that I laughed seemed to puzzle him hugely.

"Par ici, Monsieur! Donnez-vous la peine de passer!" And through a little door in a little street we entered a little room, where, busily writing at a table, and apparently with no mind to be interrupted, sat a little dry wiry man, of rather more than middle age,—no other as I afterwards learned than M. Mongrolle (I give his real name), judge of some court or other, and, I suppose, the proper person to attend to such cases as mine in the absence of the Substitut du Procureur du Roi, who happened that day to be out *à la chasse*. M. Mongrolle wrote on for a few moments without apparent consciousness of my presence; and then, pushing his papers slightly aside and impatiently turning round to me, as to a sort of bore to whom he was obliged to attend, and of whom he meant to get rid as quickly as possible, demanded shortly, "Well, sir, what have you got to say?"

"To what?" said I. "What am I called on to answer?"

The charge was shortly stated—swindling to a considerably larger extent than M. Merlé had mentioned.

"You have heard?"

"Yes."

"Your name is Henri Temple?"

"Yes."

"What have you to say?"

"Simply that I am not the Henri Temple in question."

He looked at a paper which he held in his hand, and at me. "Mais le signalement est le vôtre!" Would he allow me to look at it for a moment?—He complied, but not with the best grace in the world. It was in MS., on part of a sheet of ordinary writing-paper, and had been forwarded from Luxembourg. I glanced rapidly over it. In a few particulars, the colour of the eyes and the average (*moyen*) size of nose and mouth, the signalement agreed with my own; but I took the liberty, after narrating what had passed between me and M. Merlé, of observing to M. Mongrolle that there was an important difference in height between me and the person therein described; that the latter was set down as a person "qui doit être Israélite," of fifty-one, not thirty-one, years of age; "qui portait une perruque grise, et qui faisait des petits pas en marchant." M. Mongrolle evidently had not time to see the weight of my objections. The difference of twenty years in age did not matter a pin—"ne faisait rien,"—it was very easy to cast off a perruque, or to affect a particular style of walking. The difference in height and the Israelitish physiognomy were arguments which M. Mongrolle did not condescend to combat at all. He treated them with contemptuous silence, only repeating obstinately, "Le signalement est le vôtre." Things began to look serious. I called M. Mongrolle's attention to the

date of my passport, compared with that of the fraudulent bankruptcy; to the signatures of two German bankers already attached to my letter of credit. I offered to produce all the bills of all the hotels at which I had slept, including Wiesbaden and Frankfort, to show that the good people at those places had enjoyed ample opportunities of recognising their victimiser, if I were indeed he. It did not occur to me at the moment to add, as was the fact, that my name, "Henry Temple, Esq.," was painted at full length on my portmanteau, in letters so large and white as to have frequently elicited jocular remark from fellow-travellers, and that such a tempting of recognition was hardly the act of one who had anything to fear from the consequences. It would not have aided me, had I thought of it. I might as well have whistled jigs to a milestone. M. Mongrolle had no intention of examining anything save the Luxembourg signalement.

"Le nom est le vôtre! le signalement est le vôtre!" shrieked the now somewhat excited magistrate, persisting manfully in his lie: "You must be detained!"

"Am I then," said I, innocently, "to consider myself as under surveillance?"

"Of course," said M. Mongrolle, curtly, and turning to his interrupted writing.

"Pig-headed old fool!" muttered I, as I emerged from the bureau. "Well! It's only a policeman in the distance, for a day or two, after all!"

In five minutes from that time I was in the Public Prison of the good city of Rheims, with the gendarme, the gaoler, the gaoler's wife and daughter, and two or three smaller officials of the House of Durance clustering round me in the lobby!

No wonder. I was such a novelty. They had not caught an Englishman since the coronation of Charles X., when an English clergyman who came to witness the ceremony, with a passport not altogether en règle, was unceremoniously lodged in this same prison, being allowed as a favour, to witness, through a grating, the procession on its way to the Cathedral.

My portmanteau and dressing-case were fetched from my hotel, and carefully examined by the gendarme and the gaoler, M. Bernard (I give that worthy man's real name), before they were allowed to be removed to the apartment destined to my use. I think the scrutiny satisfied the gendarme that they had caught the wrong bird. He had evidently had his doubts all along; but, from that moment forward, he treated me like a friend whom he felt to be ill-used, and whom he would be glad to help if he could. M. Bernard was astonished chiefly at the amount of my wardrobe.

"My God! has he got shirts enough?" he ejaculated, as my stock of body-linen was unfolded, piece by piece, before his wondering eyes.

At the top of the prison, with barred windows on the outer side, "giving" on to the Place in front of the Cathedral, and with a series of numbered doors on the inner-side affording entrance to a corresponding range of cells, more or less closet-like, runs a long corridor, extending from end to end of the building. I was formally installed in

No. 12, a stone-walled and floored room of some twelve feet by ten, containing simply a coarse truckle-bed, fairly clean, a rush-bottomed chair, and a small deal table. My door, I was told, would be locked from 8 P. M. till 8 A. M., but between those hours, free use of the corridor outside was allowed to me.

I had not been there a quarter of an hour before every man, woman, and child, connected with the service of the establishment, had been to see me, and "take my likeness." But without a grain or shadow of roughness or incivility. A slightly puzzled expression, half of doubt, half of sympathy; and from most a kindly word or two. Though I say it, who should not, I did behave like a Briton. I flatter myself that our insular reputation for *sangfroid* lost nothing in my hands. Excessively astonished I certainly was; hut,—I know not why,—trifles at home, the absence of the "Times" at breakfast, or some similar nothing, have often discomposed my temper more seriously than did this really serious misfortune. I was as cool as a cucumber. I unpacked, I arranged my dressing and writing materials; in ten minutes, I had given my four stone walls an air of positive comfort, and as Auguste, the turnkey, and Suzanne, the prison housemaid, were looking on, I whistled carelessly as I worked. Auguste and Suzanne could make nothing of me, and went their way down stairs, much marvelling.

As soon as I was left alone, I set to work to write. I wrote to the English Foreign Secretary, to our Ambassador at Paris, to M. Junius Merlé at Wiesbaden, to all sorts of people besides. Much good all my writing did me!

Then, feeling that I had done all that could be done at the moment, I came out tranquilly to take the air in the corridor; and, lo! there was balm in Gilead, I was not even alone. Three other houses in my street were tenanted; and their occupants, who had evidently been discussing the new arrival, and watching for his appearance, lost no time in making my acquaintance. Two old men and a young one. The last was an *avocat*, named—no! never mind his name. How shall I delicately state the offence which had brought him there? He had broken part of the tenth commandment, and the whole of the seventh; and he was indignant beyond measure with his prosecutor, who had not called him out, like a gentleman, and given him a chance of breaking the sixth into the bargain! *Le lâche!* he had preferred, like a *canaille* as he was, to resort to civil revenges; and my friend had to "dree his weird," where I found him, for the term of six calendar months, while the fair and frail partner in his offence spent a similar period in similar seclusion on the opposite side of the establishment. We had not been acquainted ten minutes before he told me the whole of this story. He could not endure that a "gentilhomme Anglais," as Monsieur evidently was, should for a moment suppose him to be a mere petty-larceny villain. He had, he said, "beaucoup étudié l'Anglais;" and when I produced, for his edification, a fragment of the "Times" which I happened to have with me, he recognised it at once.

"Ah yays, I know him! de Timsess!"

He was not a bad fellow at bottom; vain enough,

though, and as poor as Joh: eking out his prison-pittance by a little "feuilleton" penny-a-lining.

The first old man was a journeyman tailor, M. Michel. He was a poor, harmless small debtor, who accepted with enthusiasm, on the second day of our acquaintance, a proposition that he should mend one of my waitcoats which needed reparation, and was honestly reluctant to accept a two-franc piece which I forced upon him as an *honorarium*.

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" he said, when I at last overcame his scruples. "Je suis comme vous, Monsieur, J'aime à faire noblement les choses!" and summoning a lad who acted as prison errand-boy, he informed him, with much glee, that he had been lucky enough to do a little "coup de métier," and besought him not to forget to add a sumptuous desert of apples to his ordinary "repas" that afternoon.

Of the second old man, who was quite as poor, and not so cheerful as the tailor, we knew nothing. We called him, and spoke of him as "Monsieur." His name, and his offence, he kept carefully to himself. He would talk, when addressed; but ordinarily smoked his pipe in silence, and volunteered but small contribution to the liveliness of the society. The *avocat*, the tailor, and I, were chirping enough. M. Mongrolle's was the hand to which also the first-named owed his commitment; and we vituperated the old boy pretty handsomely in concert, as we walked together up and down our corridor.

About four o'clock it occurred to the turnkey, that Monsieur would probably not object to improve the prison-allowance by some addition from the *cuisine* of the neighbouring *traiteur*. Monsieur was only too glad to do so if allowed. Certainly, Monsieur was allowed. Good. Then Monsieur, though in prison, would "dine;" and there were set before him, accordingly, potage, cotelettes, volaille, salade, desert; a good enough dinner in short, of which M. Michel and the other "Monsieur" divided, with much thankfulness, the *débris*. But the honest turnkey afterwards privately fell out with me for my extravagance; and instructed me how to order a thoroughly sufficient banquet at considerably smaller cost. Would many English turnkeys have done the like? Alas! I fear, but few. In that public prison of Rheims there was not a single official with whom I came in contact, who did not, in his way, do his best to be obliging, to spare me needless trouble and expense, and to make me as little uncomfortable as circumstances permitted. And I can't in conscience say that I was uncomfortable; though, of course, I ought to have been. I was young, and in good health; the weather was fine, dry, and warm; I had a few books, my cigar, three people to talk to, and that glorious old west-front, with its three portals, to look at. I was treated with perfect civility; had no business anywhere awaiting my coming; and felt, into the bargain, the conviction that this farce could not last very long. No. I was not uncomfortable, save only on account of one or two far away, if by chance they should come to know where I was.

Eight o'clock, P. M., and I had made no provision of candle! Twelve feet square of thick,

bare, cold, stone wall, darkness, and a door heavily bolted outside! Not altogether pleasant. Some touch of real *bond fide* imprisonment made itself felt at last. Bah! it can't last! "That's my comfort!" Had I been a geologist, I should have ripped open my mattress to see what kind of stone they used for stuffing at Rheims:—but, after all, what is a hard bed to an easy conscience? "Never slept guilt as Werner slept that night!"

With morning came again my gendarme. Monsieur was requested to step down, and present himself before the Substitut du Procureur du Roi, who had returned from his yesterday's *chasse*, and desired to see him in his "Parquet." M. Alexandre (I can't help thinking that good gendarme had somewhat predisposed him in my favour) received and treated me like a gentleman. A tall, fair, handsome man, in the prime of life, with a pleasant expression, and a frank cheerful manner—more like a well-bred country gentleman than a lawyer; but ready, quick, and precise in his questions; evidently well up to his work. He held in his hand (God knows how he got it) a paper from which he examined me. It was a perfect diary of my journey from Luxembourg to Rheims. He knew each hotel at which I had slept—each particular conveyance, public or private, by which I had travelled. He had got down in black and white that I had unsuccessfully endeavoured to "negotiate" a "valuable security" at Luxembourg; (it was true that a banker there had refused to change for me a 500 franc note of the bank of Strasbourg):—he had it recorded, that I had asked a fellow-traveller, in the coupé of the diligence, "whether we should have to show our passports at the gates of Verdun?" for which question my fellow-traveller, or some one for him, had been amiable enough to suggest an obvious motive unfavourable to myself. In short, all my most trivial doings for the last four days had been "set in a note-book, conned, and got by rote, to cast into my teeth." So well and thoroughly had it been done, that I could not help expressing, then and there, my admiration, not of the system, but of the way in which it was worked. M. Alexandre only smiled at the dubious compliment. He dismissed me, apparently well satisfied with my responses, promising to come up immediately to my room, and personally examine my "belongings," and with some complimentary phrases on the easy fashion in which I took my misfortune. His faith! if he had been in my place he should have been utterly *désolé*!

He was as good as his word, and did come immediately. Two minutes' inspection—though he went conscientiously through every item—was enough to show him that a grievous blunder had been committed. He requested me to entrust him, "in my interest," with my sister's letter, previously mentioned—(he understood English perfectly, though he did not speak it),—regretted that, as I was actually imprisoned, it was beyond his power to let me out without authorisation from his superiors—pledged himself to omit no endeavours to arrange "my affair" as soon as possible—and gave orders that any addition to my personal accommodation which

I might desire should be provided, if within their resources, by the officials of the prison. "He is no more the man they want than I am!" I heard him exclaim to the gendarme, as he closed my door; and he prefaced the assertion by one of those sinful ejaculations with which the Abbess of Andouillet, and Margarita the novice, ineffectually endeavoured in concert to overcome the obstinacy of the old mule.

Tuesday—Wednesday—the noon of Thursday arrived and passed without incident, save a visit from two long-cloaked flap-hatted brethren of some charitable fraternity, who sate upon my bed, with little or nothing to say for themselves, and stared at me with a calm, mild, non-impertinent, inoffensive curiosity.

I own, the novelty of the situation had by this time worn off, and I was beginning to get tired and impatient.

But about that noon of Thursday came again my gendarme, with an intimation that M. Alexandre wished once more to see me. "Aha! you go to hear good news!" said the little avocat, as I descended.

M. Alexandre had now another paper in his hand—the real "signalement," forwarded from Frankfort, of my confounded namesake. He was there described as a Jew, aged (in 1845) *sixty-five* years, and in particulars of personal appearance so different from mine, that M. Alexandre interrupted his comparison more than once to exclaim, "Bah! not the slightest resemblance!" I ventured to ask him how he accounted for the blundering Luxembourg "signalement" on which M. Mongrolle had acted, and why it was that the authorities of that place had not, then and there, themselves arrested my progress? "Ma foi!" he said, with the national shrug of the shoulders, "Je ne comprends pas la Police Allemande."

"And now," he added, "I don't know what to do with you. It is clear enough that you are not the man. I don't like to keep you here; but I have not, strictly, the power to let you out. I incur some responsibility (*je m'engage un peu*) in making you the offer, but, if you will give me your word not to leave Rheims till you hear from me, you shall be at liberty to return to your hotel."

Gladly, of course, I would. A cell in the Lion d'Or would be but a nominal prison.

"No, no, not even so. *Soyez libre—amusez vous*. Do what you will; only do not quit Rheims till I authorise you." And so, with all sorts of polite speeches on both sides, we parted.

I think everybody was pleased when my liberation was known; and I wonder my hand was not shaken off before I got out of the prison. The landlord of the Lion d'Or congratulated me calmly on getting so soon out of an ugly scrape. The garçon who reinstalled me in my apartments vented his sympathy in scathing remarks on the stupidity of people "who were *bêtes* enough to box up (*coffrer*) like that a Monsieur with such a dressing-case as mine." Innocent garçon!

I am walking and smoking after dinner on the pavement in front of the cathedral. At the windows of the corridor, along which I had paced the previous evening, I see figures apparently endeavouring to attract my attention, and before

long I make out M. Michel and the anonymous "Monsieur." They bow, they smile, they gesticulate, they lay their hands upon their hearts. The fact is, that I have, in a note addressed to my little avocat, placed at the disposal of those two poor devils a small enough sum—some five-and-twenty francs a-piece. I did not know how much gratitude one could get for the money. There comes to the door of the gaol M. Bernard, the gaoler, full of smiles, and beckons me across to shake me violently by the hand.

"Mais, mon Dieu! M. Temple, mais vous êtes — généreux!"

The adverb he employed is not to be found in any dictionary of the French tongue.

I still keep two letters as souvenirs of my captivity. One, in which my little avocat returned thanks on behalf of the two *bénéficiaires* (and which I would here print if it were not so full of compliments to myself); and one, of much politeness, from M. Alexandre, in which, on the morning after my liberation, he returned to me my passport and my sister's letter, stating that, as he had received authority from Paris to act in my case entirely on his own discretion, he lost no time in announcing that I was once more a perfectly free agent, and handsomely expressing his own regret at the share in my annoying detention, which the duties of his office had imposed upon him.

As I trotted out of the gates of Rheims, in a cabriolet-de-poeste, that afternoon, *en route* for Paris, I met, and was glad to meet, my gendarme; and no grim-visaged functionary of his order ever broke into a smile so honest, or made a *ci-devant* gaol-hird a bow so profound, as the smile and the bow which accompanied his "Bon jour, Monsieur! Bon jour et bon voyage!"

My first visit at Paris was to the English embassy. I had, it appeared, in my hurry, addressed my letter to "The Right Hon. the Lord Cowley, Ambassador of England," &c. &c., forgetting, at the moment, that Lord Cowley had recently died, and that Lord Normanby, in his stead, represented Queen Victoria in the Faubourg St. Honoré. My letter was lying comfortably, unrepresented, in the porter's lodge.

"Ah, mon Dieu, Monsieur! Milord Cowley est mort!" said the portress, as she calmly handed back to me the wasted epistle.

Had I not turned up, or unless Lord Cowley's spirit had come "rapping" to claim his property, I suppose it would have lain there to this day. I demanded to see the Ambassador. He was out. Some attaché was, I presumed, at his post. Yes; but he was "souffrant," and could not see anybody just then. It was eleven o'clock, A.M., and I conclude that "souffrant" is French for "fast asleep, and don't want to be bothered;" for he showed no symptom of disorder when I *did* see him, three hours later, and when he affably said, "He was really very glad I was out without tr trouble."

But, then, I had an interview with the French Minister of the Interior, who heard my story patiently, complimented me on my French, and shrugged his shoulders wonderfully at the recital. And did not the "Ambassador of England" leave his card for me at Meurice's? And don't I keep it to this day? Doubtless it was great honour for the like of me—and it was all the compensation I ever got.

In the year 1850, I was once more at Frankfurt and Wiesbaden. Recollecting what had happened, I took the precaution of going to the police bureau at the former place, and getting their *visa* placed upon my passport. I mentioned my reasons, and was told I need be under no apprehension, as my namesake had been some time since caught and duly punished.

At Wiesbaden I re-entered the bureau of M. Junius Merlé. He did not know me till he caught the name in my passport, when he seized me violently by the hand.

"Ach! mein Gott!" he cried, "Heinrich Tempel! my dear sir, *vy* have you not change your name? Dey will have you once more!"

"No!" I answered, laughing; "now they have got the real man they will, I hope, let me alone."

"Who have got him?" said M. Merlé, quickly.

"Vere have dey got him?"

"At Frankfurt," said I. "So, at least, the police there assured me."

"At Frankfurt!" said M. Merlé, tersely. "De police do lie! *Il court encore*. Dey have not catch him! Dey cannot catch him! Dey nevere sall catch him! No, nevere!"

HARRY LEROY TEMPLE.



collect his courage. The first thing was to make sure that the chest was sound, and capable of resisting his weight poised in mid-air. He jumped with all his force upon it. At the third jump the whole side burst open, and out scuttled the contents, a host of parchments.

After the first start and misgiving this gave him, Gerard comprehended that the chest had not burst but opened: he had doubtless jumped upon the secret spring. Still it shook in some degree his confidence in the chest's powers of resistance; so he gave it an ally: he took the iron bar and fastened it with the small rope across the large rope, and across the window. He now mounted the chest, and from the chest put his foot through the window, and sat half in and half out, with one hand on that part of the rope which was inside. It was a nervous moment; but the free air breathed on his face and gave him the courage to risk what we must all lose one day—for liberty. Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest was the first getting on to the rope outside. Gerard reflected. Finally he put himself in the attitude of a swimmer, his body to the waist being in the prison, his legs outside. Then holding the inside rope with both hands, he felt with his feet for the outside rope, and when he had got it he worked it in between the palms of his feet, and kept it there tight: then he put his left hand on the sill and gradually wriggled out. Then he seized the iron bar and for one fearful moment hung outside from it by his right hand, while his left hand seized the rope down at his knees. It was too tight against the wall for his fingers to get round it higher up. The next moment he left the bar and swiftly seized the rope with the right hand too; but in this manœuvre his body necessarily descended about a yard, and a stifled cry came up from below. Gerard hung in mid-air. He clenched his teeth, and nipped the rope tight with his feet and gripped it with his hands, and went down slowly hand below hand. He passed by one huge rough stone after another. He saw there was green moss on one or two. He looked up and he looked down. The moon shone upon his prison window: it seemed very near. The flitting figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down: so he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him, and went slowly down, down, down.

He passed a rusty slimy streak on the wall, it was some ten feet long. The rope made his hands very hot. He stole another look up.

The prison window was a good way off, now.

Down—down—down—down.

The rope made his hands sore.

He looked up. The window was so distant, he ventured now to turn his eyes downward again: and then, not more than thirty feet below him were Margaret and Martin, their faithful hands upstretched to catch him should he fall. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine.

"Take care, Gerard! Oh, take care! Look not down."

"Fear me not," cried Gerard, joyfully, and eyed the wall, but came down faster.

In another minute his feet were at their hands. They seized him ere he touched the ground, and

all three clung together in one rapturous, panting embrace.

"Hush! away in silence, dear one."

They stole along the shadow of the wall.

But ere they had gone many yards suddenly a stream of light shot from an angle of the building, and lay across their path like a barrier of fire, and they heard whispers and footsteps close at hand.

"Back!" hissed Martin. "Keep in the shade."

They hurried back, passed the dangling rope, and made for a little square projecting tower. They had barely rounded it when the light shot trembling past them, and flickered uncertainly into the distance.

"A lantern!" groaned Martin, in a whisper.

"They are after us."

"Give me my knife," whispered Gerard. "I'll never be taken alive."

"No, no!" murmured Margaret: "is there no way out where we are?"

"None, none! but I carry six lives at my shoulder:" and with the word, Martin strung his bow, and fitted an arrow to the string: "in war never wait to be struck: I will kill one or two ere they shall know where their death comes from:" then, motioning his companions to be quiet, he began to draw his bow, and ere the arrow was quite drawn to the head, he glided round the corner ready to loose the string the moment the enemy should offer a mark.

Gerard and Margaret palpitated. They had never seen life taken.

(To be continued.)

MY FIRST LITERARY SUCCESS.

A STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—As I am aware of your deep sympathy for those who are ardently, though perhaps ineffectually, struggling onwards through thorny paths to the temple of Fame, I am confident that you will hail with delight the account I feel bound to lay before you of the perfect success of my first literary attempt, as detailed in the various items of the Balance Sheet which I have now the pleasure to indorse for the gratification of yourself as well as for the instruction and encouragement of your readers. "To make both ends meet" at one's first indulgence in so expensive a luxury as a Publisher, is a triumphant result, I am told, very rarely achieved; but when to this I can boast of superadding all that can enchant the eye and gratify the taste—the approving smiles of the softer sex, and the bland hospitalities of the men—I confess I am astounded at the ingratitude of so many of the younger votaries of the Muses, and would willingly infuse into their bosoms some portion of that enthusiasm for the speculations of literature which can never fail to animate my own. I hardly consider it necessary to mention the title of the work which has combined these results, as common conjecture will at once identify so remarkable a production; so, without further preface, I beg you to peruse the statement I enclose, in the hopes of being ably shortly to prove to you that my second attempt, like my first,

will be something more substantial than a mere *succès d'estime*.

I remain, &c.,

PHILOMATHE DE FOURCHETTE.

BATON SQUARE,

St. Ortolan's Day.

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DUMB MOUTHS.

IN his work of interpreting nature, man has put tongues into a good many dumb mouths, and extracted from them surprising utterances. The chemist listens to revelations whose significance is, as yet, only partly discernible. The geologist, breaking stones by the wayside, applies his ear to a more instructive shell than the one that murmurs of its ocean home. And other interpreters are similarly busy, fitting, with more or less ability, tongues into orifices previously silent. Yet, strangely enough, the dumb mouths of our species may be rendered almost eloquent, while less is known of the processes adopted in the workshops where true human tongues are found for them.

It is not a very long time since workshops of this kind were instituted. Before their establishment, deaf-born children grew up amongst hearing playmates, like the tare in the midst of good grain, which it resembled in its early stages, but from which further growth showed its dissimilarity.

A child, who hears, very soon imitates the sounds made to him by his nurse and others. From finding that particular sounds are made on particular occasions, he learns to connect meanings with words. By and by, as his stock of words and phrases increases, he becomes aware of increasing resemblances betwixt things. More hidden resemblances are pointed out to him, and gradually he comes to find that the limited experience of his own life serves as a set of recesses, into which language fitting keys, he can wander at will among things present, past, and future, and, practically, have the benefit of all men's thoughts.

Not so with the deaf-born child. Emotions excited in him by their proper stimulants pass over his mind like ripples on a lake, but are confined within himself by the boundary line, so to speak, of his deafness. Like winds blowing where they list, moods and impulses sweep across him, but he cannot tell whence they come nor trace whither they go. He cannot compare sensations with other children, and thus be drilled into certain prevalent habits of thought, according to which the people round about him live and move and have their being. His deafness is like an envelope that entirely wraps up his mind, so that language, which is the instrument whereby the minds of persons who hear correspond with one another, has no effect on him.

An ingenious writer represents the human body as a tenement occupied temporarily by a soul which will vacate the premises on certain mishaps occurring. He describes his clay investment as "the house I live in." One might not inappropriately conceive of a deaf mute as the inmate of a prison rather than a dwelling-house rightly so called. From the grated window of his tower he looks out on life, and sees a perplexing phantasmagoria, but what it is all about he has no more notion than he has of how the tower he is in came to be there, or how he came to be in it.

How to put a tongue into the poor dumb mouth of a human being thus conditioned, is one of that bright cluster of discoveries that blaze away like

stars right above our own times. Occasionally, during centuries back, some intellect of first magnitude would shut itself up with a deaf and dumb child, as the prophet shut himself up in his chamber with the dead son of his hostess, and in due time present to the world an awakened intelligence with animation in its looks, and a story of its own to tell—whereat the world marvelled greatly, and went its way. But clever men did all sorts of freaks in those times. To sit down, however, steadily, and make it the business of one's life, one's mission—in fact, having gathered together into a school a number of deaf mute children, to do by them, in such sort as might be, what the regular schoolmasters did for other children,—was a stretch of caprice they did not venture upon. Instances of tamed leopards had been heard of, but nobody on that account thought of civilising the desert. Why, then, because sometimes single mutes had been made rational, should outrageous eccentricity insist on trying it on with an assemblage of them?

Happily the case is altered now. Most of the very large towns in England possess schools of this kind, the managers of which are but too glad to make their methods known. Let us suppose we have just entered one.

We are struck in a moment by the extraordinary quietness that prevails. This, at first, has a somewhat chilling effect, but the bright faces round about soon dissipate the feeling. There is abundance of activity and bustle, too, for that matter, but the ominous absence of all speech keeps obtrusively in recollection that we come to see deaf mute children.

Our attention is first directed to two little boys, who have been at school a week. They are of the ages respectively of seven and nine years. We find that conductors of this kind of school (the conductors of this particular school, at any rate) have their own notions as to bending of twigs early in the hope of securing upright growth—into which notions we cannot enter here. The nine years' pupil, on the ground of his years, is thought to promise best. As yet, however, his main activity displays itself in watching new faces that enter the school. On all such he keeps a close eye. His seven years' co-mate parcels out with more equality his attention among all the various parties who are in the room, children, teachers, and strangers, glancing over all and sundry with the restlessness of a ferret, or a revolving light on its tower. It would task a good imagination to find out the thoughts that hide, like truth in her secluded well, at the bottom of that brisk, incessant eye.

Some pupils of the same class, who have been a few months under instruction, can write names of common things. We are told to show some object. We point to our hat, the three letters composing which word a little girl immediately writes on her slate, and then, with evident pride, hitches herself erect on her seat, and smartly pats the top of her head, to indicate that the three letters refer to the object worn there. She then leans forward and touches it in our hand.

"Here, then," observes the master, prosing a little, "is a manifest beginning, an undoubted

connection established betwixt a set of meaningless characters called letters, and certain meanings which it is agreed these marks shall represent. For in this power of associating thought with things (in the present case with written characters), lies our ability to apprehend what is in the minds of other people, and generally to derive all those advantages which the use of speech brings. The fact is, that speech, as we possess it, is so perfect an instrument, that, like sunlight performing its multiplicity of offices, we cease to look on it as a piece of mechanism. It rather, like one of our limbs, seems an inseparable part of us, the absence of which is simply inconceivable till it occurs."

"Quite true," we observe, not clearly seeing his drift, and very much at a loss for some suitable remark.

"You remember," he continues, "Dean Swift's humorous story of the philosophers in Laputa, who carried about boxes of pebbles, selections of which, grouped according to known patterns, formed sentences and superseded speech. Two persons talking, merely unslung their pebble-boxes, searched among the contents for certain small stones, which they arranged so as to indicate whatever they wished to say, and then, having finished their conversation, shut up and trudged on again; like two ships at sea signalling, or may I not say like two ordinary human beings whose memories are their pebble-boxes, and for whom spoken words serve as the pebbles."

"Very ingenious," we admit, conceiving that such an admission on our part is looked for.

"Over here," proceeds our informant, going to another part of the schoolroom, "are the more advanced pupils. Their pebble-boxes, you perceive, are getting filled. The little girl we saw just knew some names of common things. She can, so to speak, select a particular pebble to represent a particular object. But all her pebbles are of one kind. In this class, however, you see round pebbles that designate things, square pebbles that show qualities, triangular that denote actions; and pebbles of various other shapes, sizes, and colours, necessary to be used on occasions sure to arise. In drilling the children into the use of such pebbles—or as this is not Laputa, but an English schoolroom—of common English words, lies our work."

"I see well enough how you begin," we remark, desiring now to select information, rather than have it in the lump; "but how with something that you cannot show? How, for instance, would you inform them that *tea grows in China*?"

"They see the country round about them. They know, or can be made to know, that by continuous walking, or progression after some other mode—as riding or sailing—they still come to some new place, colder or hotter than where they are, with clear or clouded skies, with plants many or few, and otherwise with differences from what is around them, which may be easily enough explained. Of varying heat and cold they have experience, of changes of weather, of herbage stunted or luxuriant, &c. Alterations of such nature they see or feel as they walk about, or as the seasons move on. China, then, I say to them,

is a place to which after sailing many many days a ship comes. Here is the ship's track on the map. The men and women there dress according to this pattern which I show. The skies the people see are so and so. Their fields are thus and thus. Their houses are built in this style. In that land the tea we use is got. The fact of tea being the leaf of a plant, prepared after such and such a fashion, can form no difficulty which you cannot easily conceive removed by reference to plants within reach."

"Analogy, then," we observe, satisfied with our light, "is your main dependence. You show how the things and persons they know resemble or differ from those you desire to teach them about. Now, what do you do with all these children when they grow up?"

"Oh, as to that," he adds, in a changed voice, as if dismounted from his hobby, which was evidently the schoolwork, "they are fit for most of the common handicraft employments by which men make a living. It is sometimes difficult to get one apprenticed, undoubtedly; but a fair proportion of them afterwards do well, and support themselves creditably."

"Deaf persons are very eccentric, are they not?" we inquire.

"As how?" he asks.

"I have heard very curious stories of them," we reply, "as to their inquisitiveness, and odd ways they take to gratify it. I have been told, too,

that they prefer their condition, and would rather not be made to hear."

"Ask one of them," observes our Mentor.

The question is written—"Whether would you be made able to hear or remain deaf?" In a moment the boy underlines the words—*able to hear*.

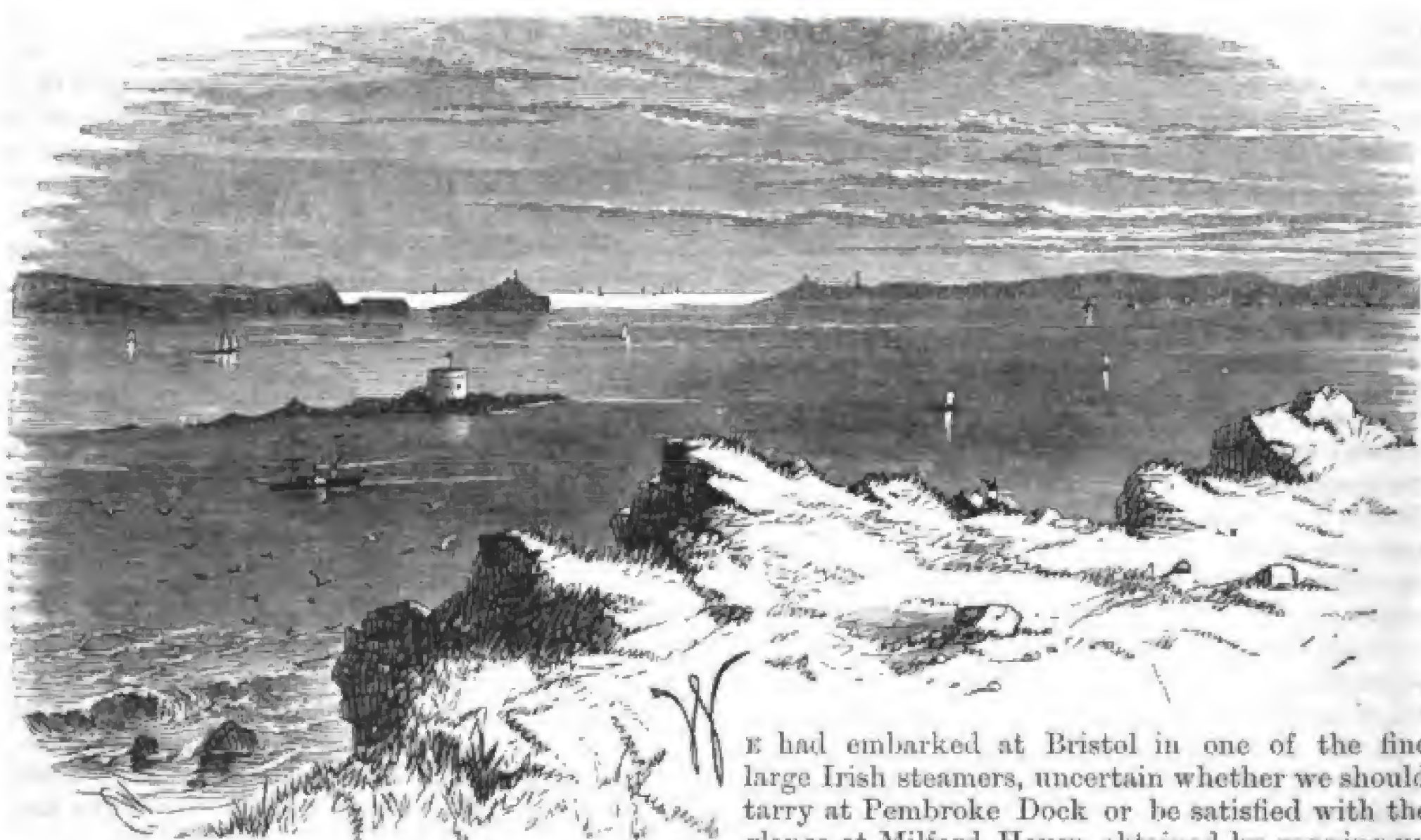
"The fact is," the master proceeds improving the subject, "that deaf human beings are very similar to others, liking what people commonly like, and disliking what is commonly thought irksome. Now and then odd tastes may show themselves, but whatever is odd—whatever departs from the common standard by which we regulate preferences and aversions—is exceptional. If a deaf person prefers deafness, his case, to say the least of it, is singular. I never knew or heard of an instance of the kind, and can more easily imagine a mistake as to the spirit (for deaf persons are not devoid of drollery), in which a preference of the sort was expressed, than gravely accept your statement that in a deaf person taste so manifested itself as a fact to be reasoned from."

"What number of persons now in all England may be deaf and dumb?"

"Speaking in round numbers, ten thousand."

Surely a class of schools which essays to put into ten thousand poor dumb mouths an available substitute for the speech we with reason prize so much, constitutes a section of England's educational apparatus deserving proper recognition. May its work prosper! JOHN CLYNE.

MILFORD HAVEN.



and down it on our way to Waterford, thence to explore the beauties of southern Ireland. The day was gloriously fine; and though on land quite equal in heat to the Bahamas, yet stationed on the bridge which spans the huge paddle boxes, and meeting the fresh westerly breeze blowing right in our faces from the Atlantic, we were in no need of shelter from the sun's rays. It was late in the afternoon when, hugging the shore to keep in the slack of the tide, we ran past Govan

A FATAL GIFT.*



THERE are many wishes which we habitually conceive and express, without considering what the result would be were it possible to realise them, and what enormous consequences their realisation would entail. For instance, we are apt to exclaim, when perplexed by the conduct of others, "I'd give anything to know So-and-So's thoughts!" A facility of this kind seems, at the first blush, to promise an easy solution of our difficulties. The effect of realising this wish will, however, be illustrated in the following narrative.

I was sitting up late one Saturday night finishing my sermon for the following Sunday; and the completion of which, as was very frequently the case with my sermons, had been delayed till the last moment, owing to the pressure of other duties. The subject, which I had afterwards strange reasons for remembering, was *Faith*.

I had been endeavouring to point out that what men find so difficult in a religious sense, really forms the foundation of secular life. Take, for instance, our investments of money, our whole system of commercial credit, nay, higher than that, our dearest domestic relations, our best social affections. "Why, without Faith," I had written, "the world would come to a dead-lock; there be perfectly isolated. Faith was the cohesive I little thought that that very night would afford spirit of speculative contemplativeness.

would be an end of concerted action; men would principle which bound together the human atoms." me a terrible illustration of what I had written in a

Just as I had finished my discourse, I heard a low, single rap at the street-door. The servant had gone to bed, so I undid the bolts, and looked out; and eventually looking down, I discovered a little scared girl not more than seven years old standing in the doorway.

"Please sir, Mr. C—— is very ill, and would like to see you."

"Mr. C——!" The name was not familiar to me; but, reflecting for a moment, I recollected meeting a gentleman of that name some years back. "What's the direction?" I asked.

"——, Adelphi Chambers," said the child.

"I'll be there directly," I replied (with a sigh, I confess), for the rain was coming down heavily, and I had had a hard day's parochial duty.

I pulled on my boots accordingly, and, with coat and umbrella, sallied forth. I was admitted into the house by a decent looking woman, who I presumed was the keeper of the chambers. She led me up-stairs—cheerless chamber-stairs; and I shuddered as she went before me with the feeble light.

"It is well for me to be here," I thought, "if I can in anywise comfort a poor creature dying without the support of home care, and affection."

I stopped the woman at the chamber-landing, and made her communicate to me some particulars of the case. The malady, it appeared, had quite puzzled the doctors; the woman herself thought Mr. C—— was troubled by something on his mind.

"He has lived here, sir," said she, "for about six

months: a nice quiet gentleman, and no trouble; but from the first there was something strange in his manner. He always seemed to want to be to himself; me or my husband being in the room seemed to irritate him; and be never liked to be waited upon by anybody but our little girl. Since his illness he has had a screen drawn close round his bed, and he don't like anybody to see him: not even the doctor."

As I entered the room, where a shaded candle was dimly burning, in one corner I perceived a small camp-bed, almost concealed by a curtained screen. The woman mentioned my name, and withdrew. Then a voice, feeble but perfectly articulate, addressed me from behind the curtain.

"I am deeply your debtor for coming to see me at such a time." I expressed my hope that I might be of comfort to him. "Will you be good enough," he continued, "to take a seat near my bed, without disturbing the curtains; the request is strange, but I will explain it by-and-by."

I did as he desired.

"Perhaps," said he, "you have not forgotten my name: we met casually some years ago. I have not forgotten you! Your manner and appearance made a very deep impression on me; and when I chanced to hear that you were living in this district, I could not resist sending for you, in a sort of vain hope that you might afford me some alleviation."

I alluded to him that my mission was rather to deal with spiritual affliction.

* It ought to be mentioned, in justice to both Author and Editor, that this story was in type some two or three weeks before the appearance of the July number of "Blackwood," which contains a story on the same theme.